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## The Metcalfe Rebellion
## BLACK POLITICS IN COOK COUNTY
**Ralph Whitehead, Jr.**

***Isolated & Embarrassed***
## *The U.S. at Stockholm*
***Lynn Langway & Jerry Edgerton***

***Labor for Peace***
## *The Unions Find Consensus*
***Steve Murdock***

## John Barber's *The Presidential Character*
**Robert Sherrill**

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# LETTERS

## Bunker at the bar

*Beaver Falls, Pa.*

DEAR SIRS: The article by Jerold S. Auerbach, "The Xenophobic Bar" [*The Nation*, June 19] is perceptive and certainly expresses with clarity what many lawyers have discussed privately for years. I consider his points quite valid. He has, however, overlooked the basic cause of the xenophobia. There have been less restrictions in admission in the bar than in most of the other learned professions, and the feeling that it is in the public interest to have some sort of limitation on numbers has existed for countless years. Xenophobia becomes rampant in proportion to the overcrowding, and it was particularly virulent in the depression years, a point that seems to have eluded the author. There is also no doubt that the shortage of lawyers is over and that a surplus is on the way. Economics is as much a cause of xenophobia as anything else, and competition has a way of bringing out the Archie Bunkers. *Theodore A. Tenor*

## open season

*Espanola, N.M.*

DEAR SIRS: The article on police murders in New Mexico by James Rowen ["Quick Triggers in New Mexico," *The Nation*, June 19] fails to mention two killings which occurred in April. On April 1, a black man, James Douglas Bradford, was shot by an Albuquerque patrolman who later claimed he thought the man had a knife. The only "weapon" found in the area was a rattailed comb.

On April 16, a Chicano youth named Juan Garcia was killed by another white Albuquerque patrolman. The officer had stopped Garcia while investigating a burglary and, upon noticing a bulge in Garcia's pocket, ordered the Chicano to take his hand out of his pocket. When Garcia did so, the officer fired fatally. The bulge turned out to be a pair of gloves, police later admitted.

This brings the number of police killings during a one-year period to a total of seven. The lack of police justification, and the rising tide of public outrage over the killings, caused a special hearing of the New Mexico Committee of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission to be convened on June 9-11. After listening to testimony from many witnesses, the committee recommended that a special federal grand jury be impaneled to investigate.

It is important to note that of the seven men killed, five have been Chicanos and a sixth black. Antonio Cordova, one of the Chicano victims, was an investigative reporter for *El Grito del Norte*. The failure to note the pattern of racism in these killings is a weakness in Mr. Rowen's otherwise welcome article. *Elizabeth Martinez*

## Bremer's intelligence

*New York City*

DEAR SIRS: There is a serious misstatement of fact, and therefore premise, in George H. Douglas' article on Arthur Bremer ["The Young Assassins," *The Nation*, June 19]. An IQ of 106 is definitely not "marginal." On the contrary . . . it is above average, exceeding probably about 65 per cent of the population on such standardized tests as the Wechsler Adult Intelligence Scale. *Rolland S. Parker*

## rally to Martha

*New York City*

DEAR SIRS: As a former political prisoner during the McCarthy era, may I suggest the formation of a "Free Martha Mitchell Committee"? Surely the past and present political prisoners would be happy to serve such a noble cause. I can visualize Angela Davis, the Rev. Philip Berrigan and . . . many others rushing to join the Martha Mitchell liberation movement. *Phil Frankfeld*

# EDITORIALS

## CAMPAIGN '72

## The Mafia Metaphor

Ronald Ziegler's characterization of the raid on the Democratic National Committee's headquarters as a "third-rate burglary attempt" was no doubt meant to be humorous. The five men arrested in the darkened offices in the middle of the night were not burglars; they were either free-lance intelligence entrepreneurs or agents employed by persons not yet identified. They had $6,000 in their possession and the bills had not been taken from the safe in the office; as everyone knows, the Committee is broke. The five men had ransacked part of the office. They had an expensive kit of intelligence paraphernalia in their possession: microphones, transmitters, cameras, lock picks, rubber surgical gloves, walkie-talkie radios, and a Minox "spy" camera and other equipment for copying documents. Two ceiling panels had been removed near Lawrence O'Brien's office. The five "burglars" gave false names when booked but were soon identified. All five have former connections with the CIA. One, James McCord, was employed as "security coordinator" for the Committee to Re-Elect the President and had also been employed by the Republican National Committee. The name of Howard Hunt was found on some papers in the possession of one of the men arrested. Hunt, who worked for the CIA from 1949 to 1970, has been an occasional $100-a-day consultant in the office of Charles W. Colson, special counsel to the President, whose office has the reputation of being the "department of dirty tricks" in the White House setup. Hunt had last worked for Colson as recently as March 29. He is regularly employed by Robert R. Mullen & Company, a Washington public relations firm which has been active in setting up various fake name committees to raise campaign funds for Richard M. Nixon. The walkie-talkie equipment found in the possession of those arrested had been leased by the Committee to Re-Elect the President and on May 7 McCord had been granted a temporary permit to use radio transmitters and trans-receivers by the FCC—rather odd behavior for a "burglar." Of course McCord was promptly discharged by the Republicans and *pro forma* denials of any knowledge or authorization of his actions have been issued by the White House and by John Mitchell. Colson, like Hunt, has not been available for questioning. More important, a tight lid was promptly clamped on the whole affair—Kleindienst was confirmed just in time—and the known facts have mostly been leaked to the press. It will be interesting to see how thorough and prompt the pending investigation will be.

Whatever the motive for the "breaking and entering," it was not burglary, third rate or otherwise. The known facts that have leaked out warrant Lawrence O'Brien's statement that there is "developing a clear line to the White House." The attitude of Nixon, Mitchell and Kleindienst to wire tapping and bugging for "domestic security" suggests that they would be quite capable of making use of intelligence material improperly obtained



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by such methods. Of course they would never, never authorize such methods nor would they care to know too much about them in advance. Nervous and upset as Martha Mitchell was when interviewed at the Westchester Country Club, she may well have had a symbolic perception of the truth when she complained of "those dirty things" the politicians do and of the "cops and robbers game" that certain Washington politicians play. She had reason to complain for she has been rather roughly treated of late, what with those guards supplied by the Committee to Re-Elect the President snatching a phone from her hands in Newport Beach, Calif., and sticking a needle into her behind—as she put it. The word Mafia may, of course, no longer be used in a way that implies a smear against persons of Italian descent, but it is an apt metaphor all the same and may properly be applied to antics of the kind that took place in the Democratic Committee headquarters at the Watergate building.

As might be expected, O'Brien's efforts to force a prompt and thorough investigation were undercut by Sen. Mike Mansfield, who is supposed to function as the Democratic leader in the Senate but seldom does. Even as Mr. O'Brien was pointing to the clear line leading to the White House, Mansfield issued a blanket exoneration of the Republican high command. His confidence may ultimately be justified but he did not have the facts when he spoke; indeed an investigation had not then been ordered. He might, therefore, have waited until the real nature of the raid was established. Similarly, Mansfield was delighted to co-sponsor a resolution submitted by the White House which tied in approval for the offensive weapons agreement with approval of the new arms "modernization" program. This he did almost at the precise moment when Senator Fulbright had finished drafting a resolution which merely indicated approval of the agreement without reference to any additional arms authorizations. When asked about the discrepancy, Mansfield blandly said that he had not read the White House resolution before he agreed to sponsor it. Both actions are in the pattern of Mansfield's chronic predisposition to go along with any special request from the White House [see "The Mansfield Touch," *The Nation*, April 24].

* * *

Mr. Nixon has finally held two press conferences—but only one on camera. After what his assistant John D. Ehrlichman had said about those "flabby and fairly dumb questions" the press asks, the President apparently felt that he should throw the news people a bone. But there is no doubt that, as Max Frankel commented in *The New York Times* of June 19, the press conference is dying. It would be more accurate to say that President Nixon has decreed its death. But what is truly puzzling about the reaction of the press is its failure to call attention to the basic reason for the President's unwillingness to schedule regular press conferences. True, he prefers to make "Presidential" use of TV, as on his junkets to Peking and Moscow; true, also, that he prefers interviews by carefully handpicked interviewers to open televised press conferences. But an underlying consideration that has been largely ignored relates to the role of the President as an announced candidate for re-election in an election year, and the various rulings by the FCC and the courts

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which bear upon the matter—all discussed by Stephen Barnett in *The Nation* of June 26. Not only has Nixon quietly decreed the death of the regularly scheduled televised press conference, but he is making a highly partisan and improper use of television by trying to circumvent the equal time rulings.

* * *

President Nixon was quite right when, in signing the education bill, he referred to the "anti-bussing" legislation passed by Congress as "clever political evasion." A bipartisan majority clearly wanted a moratorium in an election year so that both friends and foes of bussing could sidestep the issue. But at least give that majority credit for wanting to keep this most divisive issue, with its racial overtones, out of this year's campaign or at least to mute it. What has the President done in response? His bitter comments clearly imply that he will "go to the people" on the issue in November. In other words, despite the bipartisan majority's wishes in the matter, he will insist on raising the issue this year. If Governor Wallace had done what the President has now done he would promptly be accused of being a racial bigot; the President's action, by contrast, is dismissed as clever politics. If the President agitates the issue—as he has said he will—the effect will be to embitter race relations and to strengthen separatist tendencies in the society. His comments on this issue represent, even for him, a low point in demagoguery and what Martha Mitchell calls "those dirty things that go on." CAREY MCWILLIAMS

## Those Executive Agreements

An important aspect of the desuetude of the Congress is the tendency, growing over time and successive administrations, to use Executive agreements with foreign countries rather than to negotiate treaties, which must be submitted to the Senate for approval. As Sen. Clifford Case (R., N.J.) pointed out in a notable address (*Congressional Record,* June 19; S. 9640), the usurpation cannot be laid solely at the door of President Nixon. Under the last six Presidents, the Executive agreement has steadily replaced the treaty in covenants with foreign governments. It began, in its present form, before World War II, with destroyers-for-bases and lend-lease. True, at that time we were at war, or preparing for it, and in retrospect these Presidential actions seem justified. But what about Korean mercenaries for Vietnam, secret military bases in Ethiopia and Morocco, and the secret war in Laos?

The Executive is perfectly willing to seek Senate approval for treaties on copyrights, extradition, stamp collections and matters of protocol. It is only where substantive matters are involved that the impression has gained currency that the President knows best and nothing should curb or modify his judgment. That such a principle has been established is surely not entirely the fault of power-hungry Presidents. The Senate has on numerous occasions abnegated its constitutional duty to pass on agreements with foreign powers.

A halt had to be called at some point, or at least the effort had to be made to restore the balance between the two branches. Early this year Senator Case introduced a resolution stating that the Executive agreements with Bahrain and Portugal should be submitted to the Senate as treaties. The arrangement with Bahrain, an island state off the coast of Saudi Arabia in the Persian Gulf, involves an American base and the stationing of American troops. The agreement with Portugal is a renewal of an earlier understanding involving American base rights in the Azores and stationing of troops with payment in the form of foreign aid and export credits.

The Case resolution was adopted by the Senate on March 3, 50 to 6. Despite this emphatic verdict, the President was not impressed. He "noted" the sense of the Senate and decreed that the agreements he had made would *not* be submitted as treaties.

In such impasses the Senate usually bends the knee to the sovereign, but Senator Case was in no mood to yield on a matter he regarded as of basic importance. He was reluctant to resort to the power of the purse but there was no alternative. He introduced an amendment which would cut off funds unless and until both agreements had been submitted as treaties in accordance with the March 3rd Senate action.

Sen. John Sparkman (D., Ala.), while agreeing in general with Senator Case's argument, felt that the instant cases were not serious enough to justify drastic action. He moved to strike the Case amendment. The issue came to a vote on June 19 and Sparkman's motion lost, 41 to 36, with twenty-three not voting. What will happen in conference remains to be seen, but at this writing the Case proposition stands.

The importance of this issue can hardly be exaggerated. Apparently this is the first time, in the post-World War II period, that the Senate has taken action to deny funds in order to bring the President to heel in a matter of foreign relations, after he has shown determination to have his way. In the past the Senate has resolved and resolved, and resolved again, but the Case amendment (which was approved initially by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee) is the first indication of real determination to insist on the constitutional division of responsibilities in foreign affairs. The Congress has been called the "sapless branch." In the Senate, at least, it appears that the sap has again begun to flow.

## Gold-Braid Blackmail

The most devious of all the devious maneuvers of the Nixon Administration is now on display before the Congress and the country. Mr. Nixon came back from the Soviet Union with what he acclaimed as an arms limitation agreement—at least the start of a slowdown of the arms race. But on the basis of Secretary Laird's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the arms race will at best continue at the same lethal pace.

The strategists behind this shell game are the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who are determined to blackjack the Congress into giving the Department of Defense some $25 billion for a brace of new weapons programs—the B-1 bomber and the Trident submarine. The technique is the same as the one that has worked so well in retail business—a small down payment and the rest on easy terms. All the Joint Chiefs are requesting at present is



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$1.39 billion to continue development. So far as the House is concerned, they are getting it; on June 27 the increase passed by an overwhelming vote: 334 to 59.

Part of the technique is old—the usual scare-the-hell-out-of-'em—but something has been added. An arms limitation agreement provides the leverage for an arms increase. There is nothing subtle about the maneuver. It is crude and obvious: either give us what we want, the Joint Chiefs are saying, or we will oppose the strategic arms limitations agreements. Apparently they are confident that their opposition would sink the agreements.

Secretary Laird, as the mouthpiece of the Joint Chiefs, has been perfectly explicit about the tie-in. He gives the impression nowadays of being in the protective custody of the Joint Chiefs. He is seldom seen in public without the gimlet-eyed Adm. Thomas H. Moorer at his side. If Mr. Laird resents this guardianship, he gives no sign of it. Under Secretary McNamara there was some slight tendency for civilians to control the service heads; that is all gone. Richard Garwin of Columbia University, a former science adviser to the Department of Defense, makes the point succinctly. He calls attention to a tendency "to accede to internal pressures—to service or departmental loyalty—and this applies right up to the Secretary, who tends to think of himself as one of the boys."

The President plays the game in his predictable way. First he backed away slightly from Laird's position by saying that the strategic arms agreements should be considered on their merits, as indeed they should. Then he tilted the seesaw in the opposite direction: he advocated the same programs that the Joint Chiefs insist on. He may be doing this cynically, by way of appeasing the right-wing sections of both parties so that they will approve the agreements and, to the same effect, using the big bomber and the big submarine to keep the Joint Chiefs from coming out in opposition. Or he is following his own instinct, in which case he is undercutting the agreements. Either way it is a typical piece of calculated ambiguity.

The B-1 bomber has been kicked around for years and in the era of ICBMs seemed to have little chance until Mr. Nixon took charge. The Trident program has been seriously questioned by Richard Garwin, who thinks we could get along very well on a Defense Department budget of $50 billion a year—approximately Senator McGovern's figure. About the Navy's immensely excessive Undersea Long-Range Missile System (ULMS) Garwin says, "I certainly don't think we need an ULMS boat for the foreseeable future. Who knows what the strategic requirements of the 1980s will be?" The current Polaris-Poseidon system shows no signs of obsolescence, except in the eyes of those who are possessed by a mania for weapons without limit.

Another opponent is Rear Adm. Gene R. La Rocque, (Ret.). He was until recently a member of the Strategic Plans Division of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—an insider. "We are spending far more of our national resources than is necessary to defend the U.S.," La Rocque says. "I did what I could while I was in the service. Now I am trying in a small way to provide an adversary to the Pentagon." He finds "no plausible justification" for the Trident program and urges that it be stopped altogether.

Of much greater importance than the proposed systems is the extent to which the Joint Chiefs not only influence but insist on their right to dictate policy on certain issues to both the Congress and the Executive. Instead of devoting so many fruitless hours to hearings and debates on new weapons systems and a military budget which is forever edging upward, Congress should launch a general inquiry into the functioning of the Joint Chiefs and the extent to which their power has been steadily augmented since the inception of the war in Vietnam.

## Loophole Closing

A major vulnerability of the Nixon Administration is its negative attitude toward tax reform. The reason is fairly clear. If re-elected, Nixon will probably opt for the Value Added Tax. If he loses, the Democrats will be left with the deficits he has created for them.

But politically the Republicans are wide open and they know it. They are assailable on the merits and having only a weak defense, they are saying as little as possible. Faced with this difficult situation, Herbert Stein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, comes up with the endlessly repeated contention that, if the loopholes were closed, the added revenue would not "alter our budget position seriously." He concludes that there isn't much point in trying to close loopholes.

The argument itself is full of loopholes. No one ever said that the mere closing of loopholes would produce enough additional revenue to do all those things the critics of the present tax system would like to see done. But what does Stein mean by "seriously"? Does he doubt that closing the loopholes that benefit the rich would raise some added revenue—actually a fairly good chunk? That is the basic point. To write off the idea simply because it would not usher in a tax nirvana is absurd. It is merely a feeble attempt to cover up for Nixon's adamant refusal to consider tax reform at all. It would antagonize his friends among the rich.

The term "loophole" implies that income is escaping taxation. In principle, and from the standpoint of political psychology, a tax system is fair and efficient to the extent that it is not riddled with loopholes. Since World War II there has been no significant change in the country's income distribution. The poorest fifth of American families still receives about 5 per cent of total family income, and the top fifth, some 42 per cent—an 8-to-1 ratio. Benjamin Okner and Joseph Pechman, tax experts of the Brookings Institution, aim to help correct this by what they call "horizontal equity," eliminating virtually every tax preference and, according to their estimates, adding some $77 billion in tax collections. There is strong support among Senator McGovern's academic supporters for such a reform. Okner says (*Business Week*, June 17) that it would promote tax equity among the rich as well as between the rich and wage earners.

Instead of permitting themselves to be badgered about figures, estimates, percentage, etc., McGovern and the Democrats should hammer away at the failure—deliberate and categorical—of the Administration to consider the issue of tax reform. The basic requirement is to close the loopholes which have been identified, reidentified and belabored for decades.



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## Pilots vs. Pirates

On the surface, the twenty-four-hour global airline stoppage of June 19 was scarcely a resounding success. The aim of the International Federation of Air Line Pilots Associations had been to bring pressure on governments —and the United Nations—to put a stop to the increasing menace of air piracy. Foreign carriers were affected, but there was only a 10 per cent shutdown in the United States which, through the U. S. Air Line Pilots Association, accounts for about 35,000 of the international federation's 50,000 members. Nevertheless, in a view longer than twenty-four hours, the pilots' initiative may prove to have been a major factor in curbing the nuisance and danger of airplane hijacking.

The fliers want governments—each sovereign and a law unto itself—to agree not to be accessories after the fact in a most dangerous form of international crime. The captain of an airliner is entitled to the cooperation of his employers in preventing armed passengers from boarding planes, and the cooperation of governments in punishing successful hijackers.

Before air piracy had reached pandemic proportions, and as long as it occurred behind the "Iron Curtain" and the pirates escaped to "freedom," such actions were greeted with approval in the West. The pilots have not fallen into this cold-war trap. When ten Czechoslovaks tried to take over a small airliner en route from Marienbad to Prague, the pilot refused to accommodate them. The hijackers shot him dead and the copilot landed the aircraft, as ordered, in West Germany. The West Germans have promised to try the Czechoslovaks, but the U. S. association cabled the international association, demanding that the refugee hijackers be returned to Czechoslovakia.

In short, the transoceanic pilots are internationalists. Richard Witkin, the able aviation editor of *The New York Times*, comments that the bulk of international pilots, including Communist as well as Western and Third World groups, "believe hijacking and sabotage are such heinous crimes, are such a threat to a fragile international transport network, that they cannot be justified by any political rationale."

The day after the pilots' demonstration, the U. N. Security Council reached consensus on a resolution calling on all members to take "effective measures" against air piracy. Secretary of State Rogers announced through his spokesman that the U. S. Government regarded the halting of air piracy as a "most urgent" matter and was organizing a special departmental task force to spur activity by the world community. Of course the world community doesn't exist, but perhaps the pilots have helped to get it started.

## Saul Alinsky

Those who knew him well over a period of many years, as I did, never had any difficulty in finding the proper niche for Saul Alinsky. But those who did not know him well or had taken offense at his often abrasive methods or his bluntness often charged him with not being what he had never said or implied that he was. For example, young activists and SDS types have solemnly argued that he was not a political philosopher. But who—knowing Saul—would ever accuse him of being a philosopher, of politics or anything else? He was an agitator (and proud of it), an organizer, an operator, and a brilliant tactician. Politically he was a splendid latter-day example of the enduring native American radical tradition, the tradition of the radical democrat. He was concerned with people, problems and power. He was no ideologue nor could he have cared less about niceties of doctrine. Not only was he a gifted organizer—and the breed has never been as numerous or as much appreciated as it should be—but he had the rare faculty of being able to spot those who had the same talent and to teach them what he had learned. He was a bold and resourceful tactician, not merely in the various campaigns he organized—such as Back-of-the-Yards and Woodlawn—but in board rooms and conferences. Like most good tacticians, he knew when to bluff and when to keep still, when to act and when to prepare for future action. He was, as most radical democrats are, a pragmatist; he believed in what worked. He could browbeat foundation trustees in the coolest, most outrageous fashion and, for some reason, they never seemed to resent it. In fact as a fund raiser, more particularly as a tapper of foundation funds, he was without peer. He was also, beneath a manner that was often gruff, a man of sentiment and deep feeling that he never succeeded in concealing.

When visiting Chicago in the late 1930s and 1940s, I always looked forward to seeing a group of friends: Horace Cayton, W. Lloyd Warner, Studs Terkel, Elmer Gertz, Ralph Helstein and, of course, Saul Alinsky. A not-too-well-known chapter in Saul's career stemmed indirectly from these meetings. In the postwar period Fred W. Ross began to experiment with community service organization while on the staff of the American Council on Race Relations which had its headquarters in Chicago. The program ran out of funds almost before it got started and Fred found himself without a job. I had known him and come to admire his talents as an organizer when he was connected with the migratory farm labor camp program of the Farm Security Administration in California. The canny Alinsky also knew of his organizing talents and promptly added him to the staff of the Industrial Areas Foundation. About this time the Mexican-American community in Los Angeles asked Saul to help them set up a "Back-of-the-Yards" movement in East Los Angeles. The project was of very real interest to me and I was able, through friends in the Jewish community in Los Angeles, to secure a sizable grant which helped set it in motion. Out of this effort—largely directed by Ross under Alinsky's supervision—came the new Community Service Organization which registered thousands of Mexican-American voters and elected Edward Roybal to the City Council in 1949 and later sent him to Congress, where he still serves.

It was while organizing for the CSO that Ross met Cesar Chavez one night in 1952 in a San Jose barrio known as "Sal si Puedes" ("Get Out If You Can"). For four months the two worked in the barrio, mostly at

**SUMMER SCHEDULE**

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night, and Chavez could not have had a better instructor in the nearly lost art of organizing people to help themselves. Later Chavez joined the staff of the CSO and still later, with the help of Alinsky and Ralph Helstein, then head of the Packinghouse Workers, tried to organize farm workers in California along more or less traditional trade union lines. Some minor victories were scored but the effort did not succeed—despite gallant and generous support from Helstein and the union. Still later Chavez became director of the CSO; he served in that capacity until he began in April 1962 to build an organization of farm workers from the ground up, along community lines, without outside assistance or direction. In September of that year the first meeting of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee was held in Fresno. The rest is history. Chavez is a remarkable figure in his own right but he would be the first to acknowledge his debt to Ross and Helstein and, above all, to Saul Alinsky. C. McW.

ISOLATED & EMBARRASSED

# THE U.S. AT STOCKHOLM

**LYNN LANGWAY and JERRY EDGERTON**
*Ms. Langway is on leave from the* Chicago Daily News *Washington Bureau; Mr. Edgerton is on leave from his post as Washington environmental correspondent for McGraw-Hill Publications.*

*Stockholm*

"Only One Foreign Policy" would have been a better slogan than "Only One Earth" for the United States team at the first world conference on environment. The United Nations proudly proclaimed the "one-earth" theme for its two-week conference on the human environment, exhorting the 114 countries present to stop being selfish and start a "new planetary loyalty." The United States piously agreed in public, snapping at the Chinese and Swedish delegations for "politicizing our environmental discussions" by bringing up the "irrelevant" issues of war and weaponry, but in private, the U.S. delegation's loyalty lay mostly with the State Department. Whenever there was a conflict, environmental protection lost out to foreign policy.

"Everyone was so terribly concerned that the United States might be embarrassed about Vietnam and what we've done to *its* environment," said one nongovernmental member of the thirty-five-person delegation, who did not like it that State was pulling the strings. "Whenever something difficult, like weapons testing or ecocide came up, we were told to discourage discussion because it might make the United States look bad." A Congressional aide who sat in on delegation meetings complained that "the State Department treated this conference as if environment were not a major world issue, but just a minor aspect of foreign policy."

Christian A. Herter, Jr., the delegation's vice chairman and chief State Department representative, said jovially that State was just "the cruise director" on the Stockholm trip. However, several delegates, who kept diplomatic silence at the conference but intend to speak out at home, think State was also captain, first mate and navigator, steering the United States clear of all environmental commitments that could prove awkward in Saigon or Washington. "This was a delegation on a very tight rein from Washington," said Sen. Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.) after the conference. "I don't think policy in an area like this should originate with the State Department—I think it should start with the expert scientists and environmentalists in other agencies."

"Other agencies" had little to say about the big, black policy "Bible" that the State Department wrote before the conference with the help of the Defense Department, but without much input from Congress, the public or the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). "We sent policy recommendations over to State, but when the stuff came back, we couldn't even recognize it," said one government environmentalist.

Nominally, Russell Train, chairman of the President's Council on Environmental Quality, was head of the U.S. delegation, but top Administration sources say that Train was put "over" Herter only at the last minute, when the Administration realized it might look nicer. Like everyone else, Train was expected to follow State/Defense marching orders, supplemented by cables from the White House and State Department. And follow the delegates did, even when the orders weren't so good for the environment. Defense arguments defeated or diluted environmental concerns in the U.S. actions on climate modification, the preservation of islands for science, underground nuclear testing and ocean dumping. "Defense had control of anything relating at all, in their view, to weapons or testing—their fine hand was everywhere," said one U.S. delegate.

Herter, while discussing what the United States would do on a resolution about nuclear weapons testing, said: "I guess we'll be abstaining. Our Defense Department would never go along with a 'yes' vote."

Stands taken by the United States on how much the U.N. should have for an environmental fund, how it should be spent and who should spend it were dictated by State's flat refusal to increase foreign aid commitments or cut the strings attached to aid. The instructions were precise. "Any effort to convert the voluntary [environment] fund into a development fund must be resisted," said Herter's book. "We do not foresee any increase in our current level of development assistance," the instructions continued, noting that the United States, having agreed to give 1 per cent of its GNP in aid, was giving only .5 per cent.

That fact was not for public consumption, however. Said the handbook: "In making the required reservation on this . . . the U.S. delegate should not raise the point that



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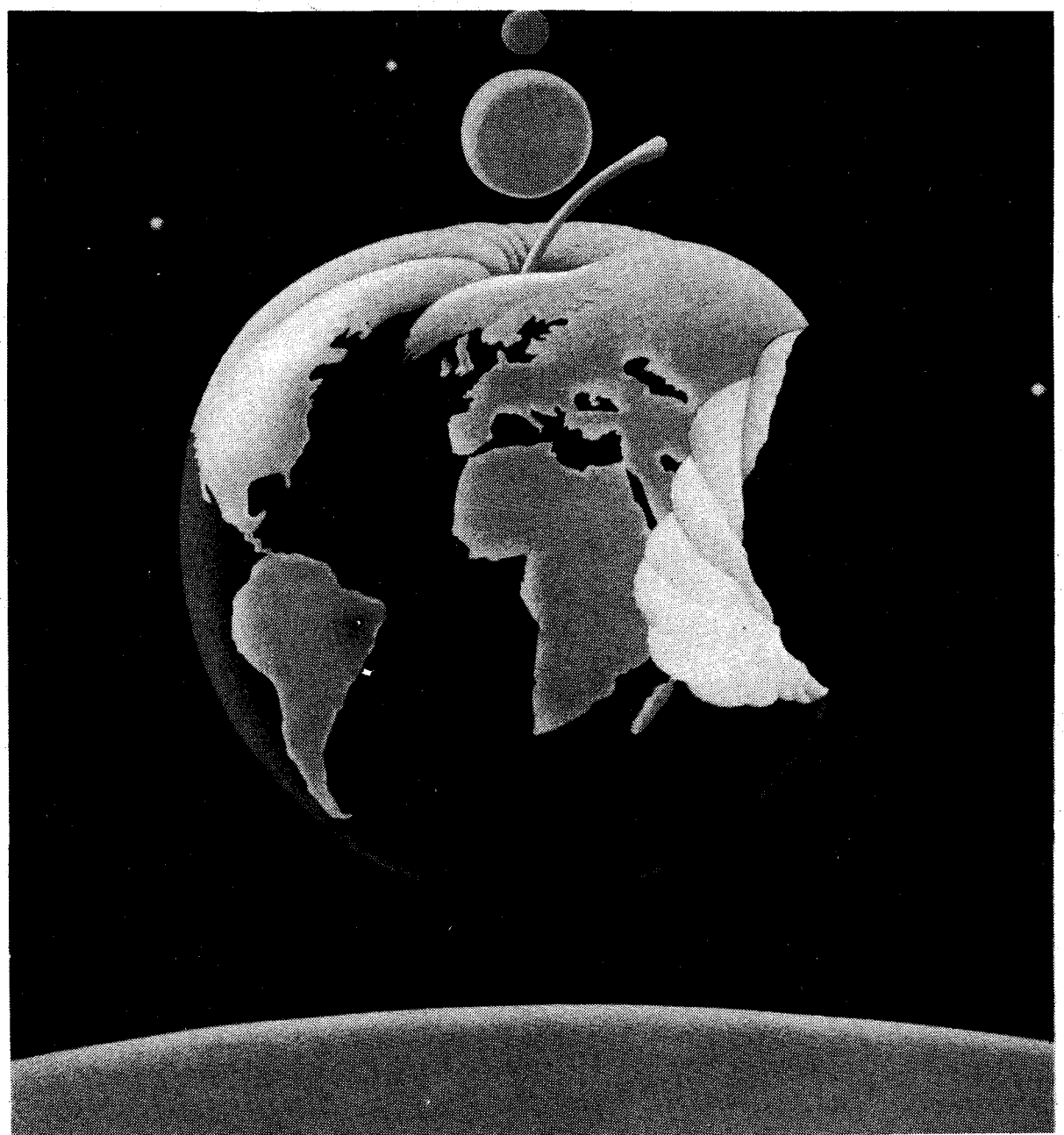
the United States has not met the 1 per cent aid flow target, as this would doubtless encourage other speakers to criticize the United States on this point and thereby lead the discussion into undesirable directions."

"Desirable" directions, on the other hand, were often pointed out by the Defense Department, which had two "advisers" on the delegation. John Ehrlichman, domestic czar at the White House, was also available for the first days of the conference "to make sure we stayed on the straight and narrow," as one delegate phrased it.

The Defense "directors" skillfully undercut one of the few conference attempts to make governments openly assess the environmental effects of their actions. The original conference recommendation stated that governments should "carefully evaluate the likelihood and magnitude of climatic effects and disseminate their findings before embarking on such activities."

The Defense Department did not care for such global scrutiny of its activities, and pushed through a loophole amendment which allowed the recommendation to state only that governments should disseminate their findings on climatic impact "to the maximum extent feasible." As a Congressional aide noted, that language was similar to the words traditionally used to weaken pollution legislation at home. The amendment also left the military free to duck behind "national security" by declaring public statements not "feasible" whenever exposure threatens.

Delegation sources say Defense was worried that the climate recommendation could hobble underground nuclear testing, since the possible side effects of radiation leaks and earthquakes would have to be publicized. The military may also have been trying to hide its reported use of climate modification as a weapon in Vietnam. Some delegates mentioned the persistent rumors that the United States has been



Roger Hane, Vista



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seeding clouds in Vietnam to trigger flooding on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The Defense Department has declined to deny the rumors or to answer questions from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on climate modification, on the ground that the answer would "threaten the national security."

William D. Ruckelshaus, administrator of the EPA, bowed somewhat unhappily to the "feasible" amendment and argued it successfully on the conference floor. He did, however, manage to squelch a second Defense amendment that would have had governments consulting other interested states about climatic risks only "wherever practicable." Defense was obviously still smarting over the protesting howls from Canada and Japan before the Amchitka Island test. EPA thought the amendment too obvious.

The U.S. delegation was prepared to vote for a resolution condemning nuclear testing in the atmosphere, since that would affect only France and China. When Peru and Canada expanded the resolution to cover underground testing, however, the U.S. delegates were told to vote against it. But a funny thing happened on the way to the debate. During a strategy session, one Senator suggested that the United States should argue there was really no need to regulate underground testing, since America's safety record was so impressive.

The Defense Department representatives then allowed as how that might not be such a good argument—somebody might draw attention to the fact that the United States has had a few distinct problems with the "venting" of radiation from test sites. After a quick check with Washington, the delegation decided to abstain from this vote. The resolution passed anyway, with only the French and Chinese voting against it.

The big black book "made it perfectly clear" that the United States should push for the weakest possible statement on weapons testing. "Matters of disarmament and testing of weapons should not be dealt with in a declaration on the human environment," the book said, adding petulantly that "extreme" delegations such as the Japanese had forced the issue.

Meanwhile, everyone from the Chinese to the Boy Scouts worked to "force" out another issue that Washington didn't want discussed: environmental destruction in Vietnam. All over town, there were slide shows and speeches and demonstrations about the treeless, barren and cratered environment that the United States has produced through defoliation, herbiciding, bulldozing and bombing—"ecocide," in Stockholm shorthand.

State Department aides actively discouraged U.S. delegates from attending such "radical, anti-American" programs and suggested that all lips be sealed. When Olof Palme, Sweden's Prime Minister, managed to bring up ecocide anyway, in a mild-mannered speech that did not even mention Uncle Sam by name, the United States acted shocked. In a delayed overreaction, delegation Chairman Train said: "The charges of ecological warfare . . . are plainly directed at the United States," and sneered that Palme's "environmental conscience is apparently unmoved by the naked aggression of others." The issue, Train said, was irrelevant, extraneous and "highly emotional."

When even some of its own delegates protested at the tone of the response, however, the United States apparently realized that ecocide could not be kept under the rug. The Chinese, whose denunciation of U.S. atrocities made Palme's charges look like a compliment, earned only a lukewarm slap of "inappropriateness" from Train. And ecocide landed on the agenda.

The Defense Department was slightly more successful in forestalling embarrassments at sea. "It is obvious that strategic and military concerns are the number-one U.S. principle in the whole ocean and marine law area," said a Canadian delegate and maritime expert. The United States played a major role in delaying the endorsement of a convention banning ocean dumping—a convention that the U.N. organizers had fondly hoped could be passed on for ratification right after Stockholm. The United States and other major naval powers torpedoed any hope for conference action, however, by insisting that military ships be exempt from a dumping ban and that only the nations where ships originated—not countries that might be affected by the ocean pollution—could enforce the convention. The whole dumping issue, moreover, was postponed to a fall meeting in London, where the United States expects to have more control of the situation among friendly naval powers than it could have maintained in the very public Stockholm forum. The Navy also sank a recommendation that islands with valuable plant or animal life be preserved for science and protected from development. Nature was fine, the Navy said, but suppose it wanted to use one of those islands as a base or refueling point.

The United States lost another ocean battle, even with the British fighting alongside. Washington and London opposed the endorsement of recommendations to control marine pollution that will be acted on by the 1973 Law of the Sea Conference, arguing that Stockholm was not "the proper place" to talk about such weighty matters. The Canadians, backed by the Chinese, wrung an endorsement from the conference anyway, and Canada slipped in a recommendation that nations may move outside the hallowed 12-mile limit to control polluters that threaten their coastlines. The United States, despite all its proclamations in favor of international agreements to clean up the oceans, opposes extending the limit because it would give other countries a chance to crack down on dirty U.S. ships.

While the Navy held the line at sea, Ehrlichman took care of the skies. An SST ban loomed, and some delegates thought the United States ought to keep a low profile by abstaining on any vote. "We've got to take a harder line than that," intoned the White House oracle; "we're still in that ball game." Several delegates, who had thought the SST safely defeated, started planning another lobbying campaign back home. But no Stockholm vote was necessary, thanks to British and French lobbying efforts to ditch the question and keep the skies sunny for the Concorde.

Having alienated much of the developed world with its nonposition on the war, the United States then antagonized the developing nations with its parsimonious stance on aid. "We're saying to the Third World, 'clean up things our way but pay for it yourself,' " said Ross Vincent, a 29-year-old delegate who is vice president and research director of the Ecology Center of Louisiana. Russell Train, while urging the poorer nations to adopt stiff pollution con-



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trols, said flatly, "We do not favor the idea of using this conference as a device for increasing the levels of developmental assistance in any way."

The United States thus stuck firmly to its self-touted, voluntary Environment Fund of $100 million, to which it would contribute $40 million over five years—and not a penny more. It demanded that the fund be used only for research, coordination and information exchange, not for actual development. If the fund were converted into a development fund, the delegates were told to vote against it.

Virtually alone in its stand against additional funding for environmental considerations, the United States tried time and again to block any recommendations that would compensate poor countries for loss of trade through stricter controls in wealthy lands. And, every time, the U.S. amendments were bruisingly defeated. Officially, the U.S. reason for penny-pinching was that Congress, in a mood hostile to foreign aid, would not stomach new commitments. Congressional aides at the conference disputed this, recalling the responsiveness Congress has shown on almost every other environmental issue.

Unofficially, State Department staffers admitted that the United States was unwilling to put more money into an open pot, "because we simply don't know how our assistance money would be spent if the U.N. hands it out."

The United States also wanted the $100 million Environment Fund—which was $64 million less than the U.N. estimated it needed for operations to which the conference had committed it—to be run by an agency within the Economic and Social Council rather than by the General Assembly, where developing nations have more influence. U.N. sources said that the new environmental agency's powers to regulate would be severely limited by placement under ECOSOC. A State Department expert, defending the U.S. position, said, "We want to go fast enough so the world doesn't go to hell, but we want to strike a balance between total inertia and total hysteria."

U.S. rigidity earned criticism from Africans, Asians, Latin Americans and even Robert McNamara, president of the World Bank. "If the rich do refuse greater aid to the poor, it will have nothing to do with a disinterested and universal reverence for the environment," said the former Defense Secretary. "It will be because of a provincial response to the pressures of special interests."

U.S. "provincialism" on aid, the war in Vietnam, and other issues may have been partly provoked by its isolation at the conference. "There was an enormous amount of paranoia among the security people about whether the delegates should attend any of the alternative conferences going on," said Ross Vincent. Dire warnings were whispered by the U.S. Embassy about the "radical" doings at the Environment Forum, a U.N.-sponsored counterconference that drew such wild-eyed folk as Margaret Mead and Barbara Ward. "I guess they think anybody who opposes the U.S. position in Vietnam is a radical," said Vincent, who finally convinced the delegation to meet with some nondelegate citizens after he had taken some VIPs to the forum to prove that they wouldn't be mugged.

"I don't think you delegates have any idea of the depth of feeling here about the environmental insult going on in Vietnam," said a New York University professor, at the meeting between the delegation and U.S. nongovernmental observers. She may have been right, judging by the response of delegate Shirley Temple Black to a question about whether any environmental damage had been done. "The news is not all bad," Mrs. Black responded earnestly. "I think it's one-sided in many cases."

The U.S. delegation also stayed away from the youthful gathering at an abandoned airport on Stockholm's outskirts, where Wavy Gravy and his Hog Farm held forth at a convention of multinational eco-freaks. Maurice Strong, the bouncy secretary-general of the conference, did make it down to the Farm, where he told a cheering audience: "I feel more at home here than I do at the conference."

The conference must have been exceedingly homelike, however, to U.S. delegates who had put in any time at national political conventions. "It's worse than Chicago," said Al Fritsch, a chemist from Ralph Nader's Center for Science in the Public Interest, who was trying to lobby delegates on occupational safety and pesticide standards. "I can't get near any of our delegates—it's Fortress Stockholm." Even the delegates couldn't always get in. Security was so stiff that William Ruckelshaus, the EPA chairman, was denied entry to a conference meeting when he forgot his official badge. (He finally borrowed one from an aide.)

The U.S. delegation had been almost as well protected from public-interest lobbyists and opinions on the war at home during its preparations for Stockholm. Secretary of State Rogers did not get around to appointing an advisory committee until May 1971, two years after the conference was approved. And that committee, which included nongovernment types like Denis Hayes of Environmental Action, did not produce its report until April 27, thirty-nine days before the conference began. "We were sort of an afterthought, which really didn't have much influence," said Vincent, who was on the committee.

Its report contained some bold proposals, such as national taxes on environmental degradation, and international impact statements to be filed with the U.N. It suggested that multinational corporations be held to the environmental standards of either their base or host countries—whichever was stronger. And it took positions precisely opposite to the eventual U.S. stands on compensation, funding and the strength of a U.N. environmental agency. "The trouble was that State already had its mind made up, and there was no chairman for so long while State was writing the rules," said one Administration delegate, who noted that Train's appointment was not announced until May 12.

How did the United States look in Stockholm? "Like it was not at all interested in the developing countries," said a delegate from Cameroon. "Like it should have stayed home and communicated by teletype because it wouldn't commit itself on any big issues," said Prof. Barry Commoner, a conference observer.

True, the United States was not the only country to put national sovereignty above "only one world." The French leaned on the Scandinavians about Common Market entry when a ban on their Concorde seemed to threaten. Japan didn't want its whaling industry limited by a moratorium on whale hunting. And Brazil, having announced that "development should not be negatively affected by sometimes



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exaggerated concern for the preservation of the environment," went merrily around the conference, knocking out any recommendations for surveillance or conservation that might have controlled its exploitation of the Amazon jungle. "The jungle is an oxygen tank for the world, cleaning up so much of its carbon dioxide," said Josué de Castro, a Brazilian scientist who had forlornly hoped to convince the conference to put the Amazon under a nine-nation control body. "But they do not seem to care—I guess they think that all the new business money will buy them air to breathe."

True, too, the United States was not always negative in its amendments and lobbying. The Americans put strong shoulders behind recommendations for a ten-year moratorium on whales, for an "Earthwatch" monitoring system of pollution levels, and for the responsibility of all "have" nations to contribute to the new fund. "We were very positive sometimes—look at how forcefully we came out against forest fires," joked one delegate.

Yet many delegates from other countries came away with the feeling that the United States let them—and the conference—down. "They have all the expertise, the power, and the strong laws on pollution, but they showed us no leadership and gave us so little help," commented one Nigerian delegate. "Are they saying 'we'll clean up ourselves and you just fend as you can?' " The Nigerian felt that China had picked up points with the Third World at U.S. expense by backing their demands for a new conference declaration that would deal with their needs in aid and compensation. The U.S. delegates themselves feel that they left Stockholm with more in their briefcase than U.N. documents. William Ruckelshaus wants the United States to study ways to limit its energy consumption, since "there is no way to produce energy today without adversely affecting environment." He also thinks that environmental aid might be sold to Congress by setting up some demonstration development projects. Several Senators and Congressmen intend to see if they can't up the aid ante; Sen. Claiborne Pell means to push for a treaty banning climate modification as a weapon.

And Ross Vincent plans some follow-up sessions to make sure that next time the State Department won't be puppet master. "What we need is informed public opinion. There's a lot of pressure on the State Department to close its policy making off from even this much of a public input," Vincent says. "But the door has been opened a little, and I think we've got a steel-toed shoe in the door." □

LABOR FOR PEACE

# THE UNIONS FIND CONSENSUS

**STEVE MURDOCK**
*Mr. Murdock, who formerly wrote on sports for a Wyoming newspaper, now edits the publication issued by Local 1199, Drug & Hospital Union in New York.*

*St. Louis*

The bellhop who showed us to our rooms in St. Louis' Forest Park Hotel asked what convention we were attending. We said, "Labor for Peace." He replied, "I'm for that." While this response could be attributed to an ingratiating politeness on the part of St. Louis bellhops, there can be no doubt that the founding conference of an organization called Labor for Peace held here June 23-24, had a lot of people supporting it—more than ever before in the U.S. labor movement, which has been characterized more by its support of, than by its opposition to, the war in Vietnam.

Even though the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* didn't deem the gathering worth a single line of advance notice on the day it opened, it was an impressive assemblage. Its composition alone made it a historic assemblage. There were present 985 official delegates from thirty-five assorted international unions. They came from thirty-two states, and they represented 4 million workers.

They formed themselves into a voluntary association born of common concern "and a sense of frustration and anger over the failure of our government to end the war in Vietnam." They established a formal, continuing national organization and made provision authorizing Labor for Peace bodies in localities, regions and organizations. Most important, the major participating unions, in effect, pledged to finance the new organization.

The rock upon which this new alliance is anchored is the United Automobile and Aerospace Workers of America. Of the 985 delegates, 220 came from the UAW. UAW Secretary-Treasurer Emil Mazey chaired the meeting. UAW President Leonard Woodcock and all UAW vice presidents were among the sponsors. The president of Ford Local 600 was among the active participants in the conference. Other duties kept Woodcock from the conference, but most of the rest of the top UAW leadership was there.

Even the setting of the conference typified the changed conditions under which labor opposition to the war can now be mobilized. The delegates met at the invitation of one of the sponsors—Harold Gibbons—in the Teamsters Council Plaza on South Grand Boulevard. Gibbons is an international vice president of the Teamsters, the director of the union's Central Conference and the head of Local 688. The Plaza is an elaborate complex which contains a shopping center, a meeting hall, a cafeteria and other facilities. Gibbons made these available to the conference, despite the fact that Teamster President Frank Fitzsimmons disavowed the gathering.

The gathering was definitely not calculated to calm the choler of AFL-CIO President George Meany, although the sponsors saw to it that no personal attacks were made



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on the president of the AFL-CIO. In fact, his name was scarcely mentioned. But the AFL-CIO's uncritical support of the war was under attack.

Frank Rosenblum, the outgoing secretary-treasurer of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, made the conference the setting for his swan song as a labor leader—a career dating back to 1914. He urged labor to combine its political strength to change the nation's policy in Southeast Asia. "Somebody," he said. "has got to save the name of the labor movement." The major, clear-cut objective of the new organization is "to harness every effort to end the war now." To this end it is prepared to focus organizational strength on Washington—most specifically on Congress.

This latest in a long series of efforts to mobilize U. S. labor against the war began back early in May when twenty-two leaders from thirteen unions met in New York, mainly at the instigation of David Livingston, secretary-treasurer of the Distributive Workers of America, to map a new attempt based upon indications of growing rank-and-file disenchantment with the war. Subsequent planning sessions in Washington, Detroit and St. Louis evolved the form of the conference. The emphasis was on organizational structure rather than resolutions. The hope is for growth. By the time the conference was held the sponsoring unions had grown from thirteen to thirty.

This movement is broad enough to make it the largest and most significant gathering in opposition to the war ever assembled within the ranks of organized labor in the United States. But the case should not be overstated. As Mazey put it, "We do not represent the majority of the American labor movement." It is, Mazey said, "a substantial but small segment." There are 21 million organized workers in the United States. This movement represents an estimated 4 million. But, as leader after leader said, "It's a beginning."

Inevitably, it was not a beginning without conflict. Attempts—all unsuccessful—were made from the floor to (*a*) commit the new organization to a one-day strike for peace; (*b*) pledge it to the cause of a labor party; and (*c*) provide a niche for nondelegated, free-lance union peace activists under the umbrella of local Labor for Peace groups.

The last point goes to the heart of the new organization's thrust. No one wished in any way to downgrade the laudable, lonely and courageous efforts over the years of the rank-and-file peace activist, but the really different thing about Labor for Peace is that it is attempting to build within the official structure of delegated authority. In a sense the lonely volunteers made this possible, but some of them found it difficult to accept the new concept. What the new concept says, in a somewhat brutal way, is if you can't get delegated authority at some level—shop, local, council—you don't represent anybody and you don't have any voice. You have to prove your base, baby.

The labor peace movement, after many years of struggle, appears to have reached the point now where it has enough muscle to speak in terms of consensus. Of the many speakers who talked about the rocky road to this point, the man who perhaps put it best was Albert J. Fitzgerald, president of the independent United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America. "It's taken us seven years," he said, "to assemble the people on this platform for a common cause." If, he said, the delegates wanted to make this "any more than a one-shot peace rally," then they should address themselves to the men and women who work next to them on the job every day. "I don't think we're here to convince each other." But, he added, he had a feeling that "we're starting on a venture like we did in the thirties."

Fitzgerald's credentials for such a feeling are impeccable. He goes back to the founding of the CIO, to the Henry Wallace movement, and (in a victim's role) to labor's own deplorable witch hunt. UE wears its battle scars with pride.

It was in this context that the conference would appeal to the historian. One found oneself wondering as the distinctive voice of Harry Bridges, the president of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, reached out through the Teamsters' sophisticated amp'ifying system, how many of those present had ever heard him speak. The labor generation of the thirties, the forties and even the fifties is full of people who have heard Bridges speak. But not so many heard him in the sixties, and for the seventies it was a historic moment.

The composition of the gathering was somewhat difficult to analyze. The sponsors, of course, are full-time union leaders and for the most part well known. The floor was a mixture of full-timers and rank and filers. It was predominantly white and overwhelmingly male. It was rather surprisingly young. It was certainly militant, and there were segments that weren't happy with the way the platform hewed to the line of broad consensus. The dissidents who spoke were, for the most part, teachers or public workers. The labor party line was coming out of Minneapolis. There were auto workers from the assembly line in places like Buffalo. There were electrical workers from Bridgeport, Conn., retail clerks and truck drivers from California, teachers from New York. But there also were gaps. It was noticeable, for example, that no steelworkers or building trades workers had come to St. Louis, and many other trades were absent.

With Mazey in the chair most of the time, the gavel was both permissive and, when the occasion seemed to require it, firm. The sponsors were not going to permit anything like a call for a one-day strike or commitment to a labor party. Too much had gone into bringing the endeavor this far to allow it to go aground on such reefs.

The one-day strike issue was, in fact, the one real point of conflict at the conference. The motion that would have committed the new organization to a work stoppage against the war and wage controls was made by a teachers' delegate from New Rochelle, N.Y. A show of hands indicated substantial support for the idea, until a series of speakers—among them Bridges—convinced the delegates such a move would be presumptuous in the extreme, of doubtful effectiveness and fatal to the growth possibilities of the new organization.

Work stoppage became the rallying point for a rank-and-file caucus of eighty delegates and observers, who claimed the organizers of the conference had made it "inaccessible" to the rank and file. In addition, they wanted



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the conference to "denounce" both the Democratic and Republican Parties as "representing only the interests of the big corporations."

Bridges emphasized that the delegates in the hall did not "represent the overwhelming opinion of the rank and file." Furthermore, he said, "no body like this is going to tell the members to have a work stoppage." He said Labor for Peace would have to carry its campaign "to the so-called respectable trade unions." Decrying the effect of a work stoppage, he said, "I don't want those doors to slam in my face."

Mazey then added: "if you want to kill this conference —this movement—before it gets started, all you have to do is say this organization has decided there will be a strike."

The policy statement, read hours earlier to the delegates by Moe Foner, executive secretary of Local 1199, Drug and Hospital Union, RWDSU/AFL-CIO, was finally adopted by an overwhelming vote, with the amendment calling for a work stoppage defeated. It will become the guiding star of the new group. Its key paragraphs declare:

> We demand the immediate withdrawal from Indochina of every American soldier, every gun, every plane, every tank, every warship and every dollar. This would end the fighting and bring about the return of our prisoners of war. It would also free our energies and our resources for the tremendous task of repairing the ravages of this war, both in Vietnam and in our own land.
>
> We accept our responsibility for the crucial task of reconverting to an economy of peace. Our swords must be converted into ploughshares—our immense industrial technology must be directed into peaceful, constructive channels—our people must be put to work to fulfill the pressing social and economic needs of our nation.
>
> To achieve this goal, and to insure that there will be no more Vietnams, we here today establish Labor for Peace as a national organization. We declare our intention to bring into our midst ever-broader sections of the trade union movement in an effort to turn our country from the path of killing and destruction to the path of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness through peace, dignity and full employment.

When the long debate on the policy statement was concluded by action establishing the organization, Livingston proposed a resolution on structure. This resolution repeated a paragraph from the call:

> We are determined that the voice of American labor, which has been raised in every struggle for justice and decency, shall not remain silent during this critical period. We invite representatives of all labor organizations—international unions, state and city central labor bodies and local unions—to join us in harnessing the conscience and will of American labor in a powerful organization—Labor for Peace—to bring an end to this war Now.

The plan on structure calls for the establishment of a national steering committee that will include at least one representative of each affiliated international union or, "where the international itself is not affiliated, a representative of such subdivision of the international as may be participating." This provides for unions such as the Teamsters, where it has been impossible to obtain a commitment from the leadership of the whole union.

Additional organizations as they associate themselves with the movement will be entitled to representation by the same formula. The committee will designate a chairman, a secretary and such other officers as are deemed necessary. Permanent headquarters will be established at a place to be designated by the steering committee. Staff will be hired. A newsletter will be published. A speakers' bureau will be established. All of this will be financed—the sponsors hope—by the participating unions.

Local bodies may be established by authorization of the steering committee in localities, regions and organizations. "Such subordinate bodies shall carry on the work of Labor for Peace in accordance with the policy statement adopted at the conference." In other words, there can't be any local work stoppages for peace in the name of Labor for Peace. Membership in local bodies is to be delegated officially. It was here that the special at-large proposal was defeated.

"The aim," says the resolution, "of local Labor for Peace shall be to inform, educate and arouse the membership to act to end the war now." So there it is, as Livingston put it, "something new and different, something that hasn't happened before in the peace movement." In fact, the peace movement in the United States has achieved a completely new form of reference—for the first time, it has its foot in the front door of the house of labor. Mazey describes the structure as "very flexible" and as containing a great capability to absorb growth. There is no question but what new arrivals will get a place at the table.

All of this, of course, came cushioned in an enormous amount of rhetoric. There were four major speakers at the opening session on the first night—Gibbons, Jerry Wurf, international president of the State, County and Municipal Employees; Rosenblum, and Patrick E. Gorman, secretary-treasurer of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen.

There were also three outside speakers—Mrs. Martin Luther King, Democratic Sen. Mike Gravel of Alaska and Mrs. Michele Merley, wife of a U.S. flier missing in action in Laos.

Mrs. King said, "This war will be ended by the American people and this meeting is a powerful step in that direction." She hazarded the guess that, "If anyone represents the mood of American labor, it is the people of this room today."

Gravel was somewhat sharper. He chided labor for not having employed its full potential and for having allowed history to atrophy its efforts. "Your effort is half done, and I don't see the effort afoot to do the other half." He told the delegates: "Get back where you belong at the barrier of conflict where the youth of this country have been for the last ten years, fighting this war. Get your heads knocked in. Go back where you belong—on the barriers of conflict."

Mrs. Merley charged the Nixon Administration with intensifying the war. "This war is not winding down. There are more planes in Vietnam than ever before. There are more ships in Vietnam than before."

But organization, not rhetoric, was the real business of the day. Referring to past meetings, most notably the



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Labor Assembly for Peace in Chicago in 1967 (where Eugene McCarthy made his first appearance after declaring his candidacy), Mazey said, "We made one mistake. We didn't organize an effective follow-through." This time the majority of the delegates came determined to do that.

When the conference ended, a photographer who had covered not only the previous labor peace meetings but other gatherings like the New Politics Convention in Chicago in 1967, wondered cynically why they all had come to naught. It was by no means foreordained that this one would.

There are pitfalls aplenty but people are working together in this endeavor who never worked together before. The key change is that the labor peace movement has moved from the individual into the collective, official phase. Labor for Peace is trying to harness and direct the new and potential labor opposition to the war. It's seeking to create new peace activists, not retread old ones.

Mazey said a minute or two before the conference adjourned, "We have started something here that can do a great deal of good for the American labor movement." The test of that starts almost immediately. □

THE METCALFE REBELLION

# BLACK POLITICS IN COOK COUNTY

**RALPH WHITEHEAD, Jr.**
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*Chicago*

A Chicago politician, a white man, was asked one day to describe what kind of black man the Daley machine likes to bring into its ranks. "A Ralph Metcalfe is the ideal," he said. "He knows how to handle the Organization's money. And he'd never embarrass you in front of your wife."

Metcalfe does seem to fit Mayor Daley's specifications. As the Congressman for Chicago's South Side ghetto, he is regarded as methodical, a master of political detail. He speaks and acts deliberately. His manner is reserved, courtly. He worked at sports before politics (back in the 1930s, he was a celebrated sprinter) and, even today, at the age of 62, he displays some of the deference of the old-line Negro athlete, always happy to shake the glad hand of a white fan. He is also that rarity among blacks, a Catholic. Consequently, his style and background and even his beliefs helped him to ease naturally into the Organization's back rooms, where Irish Catholics set the tone, socially and politically.

His smooth acceptability has paid off. He is the Democratic leader of the Third Ward, controlling patronage there. He came into the City Council as the ward's alderman seventeen years ago, just at the time when Richard Daley entered City Hall. They became allies, if not friends, and during the ever lengthening Daley years, Metcalfe prospered. He achieved the chairmanship of the council's powerful zoning committee. He has filled the black slot on perhaps a dozen Daley-inspired civic boards and study groups. His political ascendancy did nothing to damage his insurance business. And two years ago he moved into the House seat held for twenty-eight years by Chicago's one-time black boss, the late William Dawson. As Claude Holman, Metcalfe's bombastic and long-standing rival as the Mayor's favorite among the blacks, put it to the Congressman: "You've supped heartily at the Organization's table for twenty years."

The Mayor used Metcalfe as his chief torpedo against the protests led through Chicago six summers ago by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Then, after King's murder, Daley again called on Metcalfe to dramatize the Organization's abrupt and self-serving about-face on the value of the civil rights leader's career. At the 1968 Democratic convention, Metcalfe took the podium to argue against seating the full Georgia delegation led by Julian Bond. For all these reasons, then, Metcalfe was long regarded by opponents of the Organization as little more than the Mayor's house black.

At the moment, though, Metcalfe has taken to the fields. Characteristically, he departed the Daley manse a slow and careful step at a time. Nevertheless, his amble has now carried him the full stretch into opposition to America's ranking party boss.

The occasion for their breach came up last December. The Mayor and his lieutenants among the ward leaders had gathered to name the Democratic slate for Cook County's elections this November. The primary was scheduled for March 21. Into an otherwise routine session, Metcalfe pitched some controversy by objecting to the reslating of Edward Hanrahan, a Daley favorite. As State's Attorney of Cook County, Hanrahan had supervised the 1969 raid that was fatal to two Black Panther Party officials. Later, he was indicted on an obstruction-of-justice charge, accused of trying to frame the raid's survivors for attempted murder. As a result, Metcalfe argued, it would be impossible for him to deliver the Third Ward for Hanrahan. That wasn't what the Mayor wanted to hear. Metcalfe's rival, Holman, supplied what he did want to hear by insisting that he could carry *his* ward for the prosecutor. Because the blacks were split, the unbroken white backing for Hanrahan prevailed.

However, at the urging of members of the statewide Democratic ticket, the Organization abruptly dumped Hanrahan two weeks later. They'd run into scores of downstate objections to running an indicted man for a law-enforcement post. Hanrahan was replaced on the ticket by Raymond Berg, a bland judge.

Hanrahan and several admiring ward leaders deter-



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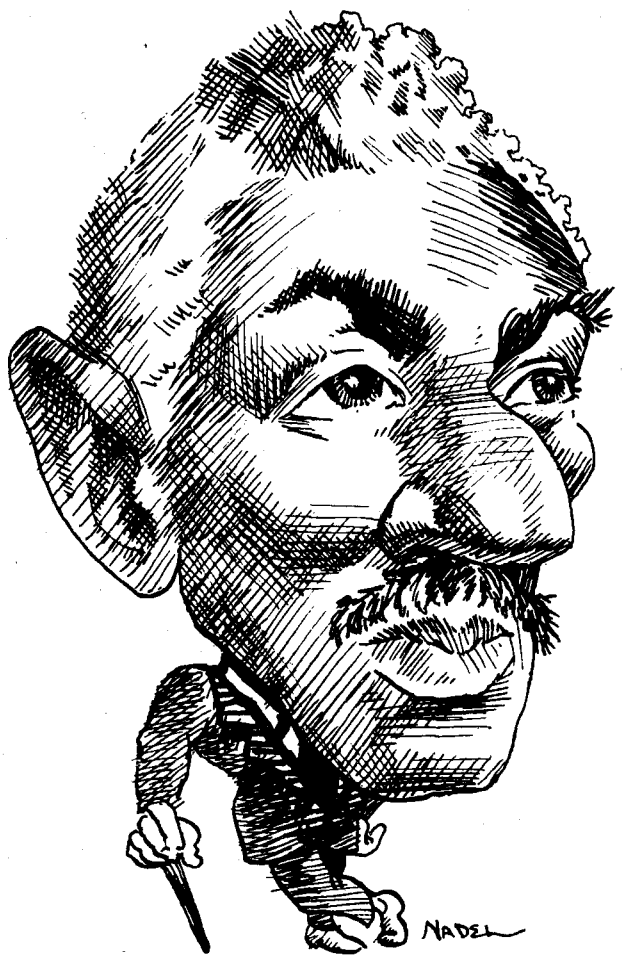
mined to blame the lawman's fate on Metcalfe. By refusing to follow the slate makers' majority, they claimed, he had turned the statewide ticket against Hanrahan. It was, they charged, a Metcalfe double cross.

Hanrahan entered the primary anyhow. Metcalfe and most other black ward leaders came across hard for the Organization's official tiger, Judge Berg, but a score of the Mayor's white lieutenants just happened to let their ward heelers push Hanrahan—or, at least, pull their punches for Berg. Hanrahan's 42 per cent vote won a three-way primary. Since the Mayor is fond of the prosecutor, the fact that a plurality of Cook County's voters rose up against the Organization to clamor for Hanrahan was the political equivalent of tossing Daley into the briar patch. Now Metcalfe smelled a double cross.

Naturally, it's damaging when charges of betrayal rattle back and forth inside the political machine. The Mayor's alliance of ward leaders is delicate, held together largely by the mortar of jobs, contracts and salable influence. At the same time, it must be steadied by shared values, particularly by loyalty and the carat weight of a ward leader's word. The outcome of the State's Attorney's campaign has badly jarred the Organization.

Yet, while the primary exposed Metcalfe's disaffection, it didn't cause it. The causes involve a lot more than quibbles about a single candidate, or a single campaign. They reach back into the old and deep rhythms of South Side black politics: the strategies of patronage, class tensions inside the ghetto, the always explosive issues of law and order and the police—and the struggle for the mantle of Black Boss, worn by only one man, the late Congressman Dawson. [See "Dawson of Illinois: What Price Moderation?" by Robert Gruenberg, *The Nation,* September 8, 1956.]




Dawson's genius was to shape his patronage strategy to the social character of the Negro underclass of the 1930s. When an Irish Catholic breadwinner was put on the public payroll, he could be counted on to deliver the votes and Election Day shoe leather of three generations in his family and assorted pockets of shirttail kin. For Dawson's thousands of South Side blacks, however, family ties were too narrow or loose to propel this snowballing of political support. Consequently, for Dawson to put together a voting bloc of the atomized ghetto underclass —and that stratum held the overwhelming number of the Chicago blacks in his day—he was obliged to secure as many jobs as possible to distribute as patronage.

Inside the Organization, he achieved this by swapping jobs with other ward leaders. He'd give up a $9,000-a-year job, say, for three jobs at $3,000 apiece. Trading for quantity, he gave up quality. He might barter away a chance to name a deputy building commissioner in order to get five or six jobs on a digging crew. Shovel men don't call many of the governmental shots around Chicago, so the effect of Dawson's patronage trading was to sacrifice a lot of influence on public policy.

This strategy pulled few middle-class Negroes into the Dawson cadre. He did scout talent among professionals, but recruited only a relative handful—just enough manpower to handle his service operation and his politically connected businesses. He also used them to keep up a limited presence inside the civil rights groups, where middle-class style and leadership prevailed. And his ministers reached members of the respectable—if not quite middle-class—ghetto strata. Otherwise, he wrote off Chicago's black bourgeoisie (although he belonged to it) because its values and aspirations scarcely equipped its members to supervise policy runners and deliver the wino vote. Even Ralph Metcalfe, for example—although a college graduate, a track star, a former university professor of physical education, and a member of the Chicago Human Relations Commission—was obliged by a task-mastering Dawson to begin his career as a ward politician by taking on duties at the bottom, as the heeler of a down-and-out slum precinct. For the most part, then, the Dawson approach never really took note of the ghetto's middle-class vote—it was simply too insignificant to make a difference.

However, as the South Side ghetto expanded—as jobs opened up for blacks, as their numbers grew—so did the Negro middle class. And as these blacks moved—not only socially and economically but physically, for they were buying into fading white neighborhoods—Dawson failed to win their allegiance. In 1953, the South Side's three ghetto wards were controllable through their underclass vote. Ten years later, eight wards on that side of Chicago were black, and four were heavily middle class. Inside Dawson's Congressional district, voters at Democratic primaries of the 1960s began to split sharply along class



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lines—underclass for him, middle class for any of a series of liberal challengers. Only by vote fraud could Dawson keep his convincing majorities afloat.

Metcalfe adjusted to the rise of the middle class. Many of his own political workers quit the Third Ward's roach-infested flats, renting or buying into the two-flats and tracts of bungalows along the advancing edge of the ghetto. Shrewdly, Metcalfe kept track of his alumni. As wards changed sharply enough to warrant blacks as Democratic leaders, the Mayor invariably named Metcalfe protégés to these posts. Religious ties helped Metcalfe's strategy: he, the Mayor, the outgoing white leaders, and the incoming black leaders were Catholics all. Congressman Dawson was a Protestant.

Metcalfe and these new ward leaders also tried to upgrade patronage for blacks. For those already on the payroll, Metcalfe worked to secure promotions. "We couldn't get them promoted," he complains now. Indeed, experienced black jobholders were often obliged to train white novices, only to have the whites quickly jump up enough notches to begin supervising their mentors. Hunting for influential jobs for blacks, Metcalfe met similar frustrations. "They'd get titles, but no real policy voice." Consequently, it was difficult for the Democratic leaders of the middle-class wards to consolidate a following among the blacks.

The problem sharpened for Metcalfe after Dawson's 1970 retirement. Although he was the machine's heir apparent for the House seat, Metcalfe faced a rugged opponent at the year's Democratic primary, Alderman A. A. (Sammy) Rayner. An independent and tough-talking advocate of black rights, Rayner enjoyed a following among issue-oriented voters of the middle class. However, Metcalfe, not Rayner, found the strategic issue. Ghetto youth gangs attracted a lot of Chicago notice during the late 1960s, their warriors being bankrolled and lionized by white liberals. Many independent blacks saw them—correctly, perhaps—as a new political force, something at least to be recognized. Rayner took this view, and held it. Eventually, though, the vast majority of middle-class blacks came to fear the gangs. Because of his loyal support of the Mayor's police, Metcalfe boasted of a right-from-the-start stand on gangs. He turned the campaign into a ghetto referendum on law and order.

He also made two organizational moves. He neutralized an earlier Rayner supporter, Jesse Jackson, the civil rights spokesman. Jackson promotes black economic development. That means small business, and it requires the tolerance of the local government's dispensers of permits and licenses. A man of Metcalfe's influence could provide the tolerance. And he recruited an impressive group of Volunteers for Metcalfe. Young, well-educated and well-heeled, activist, legitimate—these were exactly the kind of people Metcalfe's patronage efforts hadn't reached. Now, as the anti-gang feeling swept the South Side, they were coming to him as a sure winner. To be sure, they put a price on their support. They exacted a verbal pledge from Metcalfe: if, after the election, they pressed him to stand up on an issue, he'd do it. He'd do it even if it would mean bucking the Mayor.

Metcalfe took the primary by a landslide, sweeping every ward inside the district. He did what Dawson never did: he put together the votes of the job-oriented underclass and the issue-oriented middle class of the South Side ghetto. He moved then to consolidate a hold on middle-class support. "I became a champion of what I call the paneled basement area," says Metcalfe, referring to those relatively affluent wards where the rumpus room is a staple of status. And this soon meant adding some balance to his heavy campaign line against gangs.

For Chicago's rising blacks, there's a catch to moving in on the American dream. They can escape the slums, if not the ghetto. Yet their green lawns and two-car garages still do not protect them against the shakedowns and assaults they thought they'd put behind them. The thugs of the slum streets can always pile into their automobiles and drive a few miles to terrorize them. Metcalfe played on this clause of the catch.

There's another clause. It says that the affluent and successful blacks are still vulnerable to a similar terror from the *police*. A few months ago, for example, white officers made a traffic stop of a young black dentist, Dr. Herbert Odom. They accused him of having a faulty license-plate light. They also, Odom charges, abused him, messed him up, arrested and handcuffed him. Apparently the officers took him to be another uppity coon. They didn't know he was a chairman of Volunteers for Metcalfe.

Consequently, Metcalfe's new breed of supporters called in the pledge. A black police organization, the Afro-American Patrolman's League, supplied a file of allegations (some of them quite flimsy) of police abuse, and Metcalfe honored the bargain. He agreed to call on Police Superintendent James Conlisk for extensive talks on ways to create black confidence in the police department *in order to* encourage ghetto support for work against street crime.

"We were making real progress," says Metcalfe, when, abruptly, the Mayor jumped into the affair and broke up the talks. He began to handle the situation himself, and the quiet negotiations gave way to a Daley-staged law-and-order circus. Other than a juggling of assignments to Negro police precincts, the Mayor's moves have been strictly cosmetic.

Mayor Daley's stake is apparent. As the machine sees it, Metcalfe tried to appeal to his broadened ghetto base by opposing Hanrahan. He failed in that since Hanrahan won. Not content, Metcalfe then tried to play upon the law-enforcement issue among blacks by going at a different angle. He attacked, not the prosecutor but the police. Either ploy is designed to tie black loyalties to Metcalfe —not Daley, not the Organization. It's clearly a pure and simple power play by the Congressman, for he wants to make himself the Black Boss, and the Mayor is determined that this powerful role shall never again exist. As Chicago's black population passes the one-third mark, a Boss Metcalfe might capture the entire Organization.

Because the Mayor so often stage-manages things, it seemed at first as if the Metcalfe breach were simply a ploy, agreed to by both of them. It's not. "It's the real thing—it's *per*sonal," goes the refrain inside the Daley camp, where the Congressman is seen as a traitor. The Mayor is even sending code inspectors to case Metcalfe's ward headquarters for violations. (The Third Ward's



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patronage is intact for the moment, though. It's one thing to strip a veteran heeler of his job, and another thing altogether to strip him of the knowledge of his precinct, the loyalty of his voters. It's risky to alienate those workers, because they're mercenaries and may well join the enemy.) And Metcalfe tried to help Sen. Adlai Stevenson III's vain attempt to beat the Mayor for chairman of the Illinois delegation to the Democratic National Convention.

It's early to know what Metcalfe's defection will do to the Organization. He'll probably help Hanrahan's Republican opponent, C. Bernard Carey, an ex-FBI agent who enjoys widespread media and independent support. Metcalfe is also waiting for his ex-protégés among the ward leaders to pick a course. At the moment, they're staying behind the Mayor. As for himself, Metcalfe says: "I'm exhilarated. I feel free. And I've got the support of my people—a good base." □

# BRAZIL: THE IMITATIVE SOCIETY

**E. BRADFORD BURNS**
*Mr. Burns, professor of Latin American history at UCLA, has traveled extensively in Brazil during the past twelve years. He has written five books on that country, of which the most recent are* Nationalism in Brazil *(Praeger) and* A History of Brazil *(Columbia University Press).*

One hundred fifty years ago, Brazil broke its political ties with Portugal. While serving as regent of Brazil, Prince Pedro, the young Braganza heir to the Portuguese throne, unilaterally declared Brazil's independence. With most of the Western Hemisphere independent of Europe by 1822, Pedro had little choice. He could declare Brazil's independence and become its emperor, or he could stand by while the restive Brazilian elite declared their own independence and established a new government without the guiding hand of the Braganzas. The former course was obviously his preference, and the Braganzas ruled until the republic was established in 1889. Although nominally independent, Brazil changed little throughout most of the 19th century. True, a small Brazilian elite exercised political power in place of the Portuguese, but institutions, customs and social patterns remained much as they had been in the colonial past. Great Britain dominated the economic life of the new nation at least as much as Portugal had during the colonial period.

Fifty years ago, a group of writers, poets and artists, weary of Brazil's slavish imitation of European culture, gathered at the Municipal Theatre in São Paulo to proclaim their country's intellectual independence. During the "Modern Art Week" of 1922, they pleaded with their compatriots to forget the marble temples and Gothic churches of Europe and contemplate the lush vegetation and natural wealth of Brazil. They turned the eyes of the nation inward, an introspection which produced a series of fascinating studies of the Brazilian character and soul. A new type of writer—of whom Gilberto Freyre and Jorge Amado are best known in the United States—created a style, language and subject matter that were uniquely Brazilian.

Having achieved their new intellectual insight, the Brazilians became increasingly aware of their economic dependency. If Great Britain had dominated the economy in the 19th century, the United States did so after World War I. The great financial debacle in Western Europe and the United States in 1929 adversely affected Brazil and prompted the new government of Getúlio Vargas, the man who, alive or dead, shaped Brazil in the 1930-64 period, to take measures to reduce Brazil's economic dependency. He increased governmental planning and participation in the economy. A steel company was founded in the 1940s; a national oil monopoly, Petrobrás, was authorized in 1953; a company to encourage and control the production of electrical energy, Eletrobrás, came into being in 1962, the same year in which the government promulgated a law to limit profit remissions abroad.

Those measures, taken to increase Brazil's political, intellectual and economic independence, were dramatically reversed after April 1, 1964. On that day the military swept into power, deposing the constitutionally selected President, João Goulart, and ending nineteen years of successful experimentation with democracy. Vocal and powerful elements of the upper and middle classes, fearing the Populist tendencies of the Goulart government, had called upon the military to put an end to further reform. The officers had intervened in politics before but customarily withdrew after a short time, leaving the government in civilian hands. Not so in 1964. The officers resolved to exercise power themselves and they have done so with increasing harshness ever since.

One of the most surprising results of these eight years of military rule has been the surrender of much of Brazil's independence of action and choice, so painfully won during the preceding decades. The originality characteristic of Brazilian political and intellectual life during the 1950s and early 1960s has disappeared, smothered by an official disapproval of trends prevalent in that period and denounced by an insecure middle class that is eager to imitate as superior whatever originates abroad.

With Brazil now exercising less independence of action than at any time in memory, it is ironic that in 1972 the nation lavishly commemorates 150 years of political independence. The irony has not gone unnoticed. What happened to a slogan posted on a wall in downtown Rio de Janeiro indicates that at least some Brazilians are aware of the absurdity of the commemorations: a vertical line drawn in the appropriate place in *"Viva Independência"* (Long live independence) transformed the meaning to *"Viva In/dependência"* (Live in dependency).

Nearly every aspect of Brazilian life feels the weight of the new dependency. In no realm is it more obvious or heavier than in foreign policy. Hardly had the military



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settled into office in 1964 than the officers denounced and reversed the independent foreign policy which the previous three governments had tried to implement. Contemptuous of those attempts to gain leadership for Brazil in the Third World, the generals decried the threat of international communism and pledged to follow Washington in the struggle against the East, unmindful apparently that a previously bipolar world was rapidly becoming multipolar. Accordingly, and in contrast to previous action, Brazil broke diplomatic relations with Cuba, opposed throughout the last half of the 1960s the seating of the People's Republic of China in the United Nations, supported Portugal's African policies, and expressed solidarity with the United States in Vietnam. Contravening a century-old policy of nonintervention, Brazilian soldiers marched side by side with the U.S. Marines into the Dominican Republic to prevent the legitimate and reformist government of Juan Bosch from returning to power. A psychotic fear of communism, not at all uncommon among the Latin American elite, propels Brazil's foreign policy and prompts an intimate union with Washington. All of its foreign ministers since 1964 have also served as ambassadors to the United States. A frank Minister of Foreign Relations in the mid-1960s startled even the subservient Brazilian press with his declaration, "What's good for the United States is good for Brazil."

The political liberty that once nourished the careers of a host of original and effective leaders is now a distant memory. After April 1, 1964, liberty died a quick death and with it any independent political thought. The generals abolished freedom of speech, press and assembly; packed the Supreme Court to guarantee its acquiescence; disbanded the lively array of political parties to create two lifeless "official" parties (the difference between them, as one wag noted, is that while one answers "Yes, sir," to the government, the other simply responds "Yes"); forbade any free or direct elections; abrogated the rights of thousands of Brazilians, including three former Presidents, five senators, and eighty-eight deputies; filled the jails with political prisoners, hundreds of whom have been tortured, some unto death. Since 1964, there have been more than 35,000 political arrests; at least 10,000 political prisoners languish in Brazilian jails today; 2,000 Brazilians live in political exile.

Political repression continues. In February, the military police swept through Rio de Janeiro, arresting more than 200 students whom they branded as subversives because they had the temerity to ask for more schools. The youth correctly pointed out that the dictatorship was spending more money on military hardware than on the nation's education. Since Brazil is not fighting any foreign wars, or likely to fight any in the foreseeable future, it is obvious that the hardware has been bought to repress the people. The increasing brutality of the military dictatorship has dampened, at least temporarily, the customary good humor of the Brazilians.

In fact, the average Brazilian has little to be good-humored about. Although news reports constantly remind the world of Brazil's economic "miracle"—a recent economic growth of 9 to 10 per cent a year—they neglect to mention that the "miracle" has failed to benefit the vast majority of the Brazilians. Wages lag behind prices. In 1965, the wage earner lost 14 per cent of his purchasing power; in 1966, he lost another 22 per cent. In 1968, Minister of Labor Jarbas Passarinho conservatively estimated that the workers' real wages had fallen between 15 and 30 per cent in the previous four years; in 1971 an increase of the minimum wage still fell 5 per cent short of the rise in the cost of living for the preceding year. In 1972 President Emílio Garrastazú Médici conceded, "The economy is going well, the people not so well." Calling that an understatement, Oscar Pedroso Horta, leader of the otherwise docile Brazilian Democratic Movement, one of the two toothless "official" political parties, claimed in April that "housewives were battling to make ends meet, while their money was losing 20 per cent to 25 per cent a year because of inflation." The poorest 80 per cent of the Brazilians saw their share of the GNP drop from 35 to 27.5 per cent during the decade of the 1960s.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the industrial elite and the upper urban middle class have profited handsomely in the last eight years of military dictatorship. The richest 5 per cent of the population increased their share of the GNP from 44 per cent to 50 per cent during the 1960s.

Foreign investors have also fared well. Liberal tax incentives, the stability and order which a dictatorship can guarantee, an immunity from strikes, and a generally benign attitude toward foreign businessmen have attracted and kept more than $4 billion of direct investment in Brazil, almost half of which comes from the United States. With a generous hand, the military rulers have distributed mining concessions to foreigners. They sold the only Brazilian automobile and truck company, Fábrica Nacional de Motores, to Alfa Romeo, rewrote the profits remittance law promulgated by the previous government over the protests of the foreign business community, weakened the once sacrosanct Petrobrás by awarding contracts to more and more foreign companies to prospect and drill for oil, and opened the petrochemical industries to foreign investment.

Denationalization of Brazilian industry has been accelerating. As early as December 16, 1966, *Time* reported that foreign investors had gained control of 50 per cent of Brazilian industry since the 1964 military coup. By 1968, the Uruguayan journalist, Eduardo Galeano, gave a far gloomier report: foreign capital controlled 40 per cent of the capital market, 62 per cent of the foreign trade, 82 per cent of the maritime transport, 77 per cent of the overseas airlines, 100 per cent of the motor vehicle production, 100 per cent of the tire production, more than 80 per cent of the pharmaceutical industry, nearly 50 per cent of the chemical industry, 59 per cent of machine production, 47 per cent of aluminum, and 90 per cent of cement.

In its drive to attract foreign capital, the military government also seems quite willing to overlook the anti-pollution standards it once decreed. In early 1972, Minister of Planning João Paulo Veloso revealed that anti-pollution standards would be reduced to permit foreign investors to proceed with the building of wood-pulp paper plants on


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the central coast. The cost of cleaning up the environment, if it is ever done, will doubtless be borne by the patient Brazilians.

It has become customary for top governmental officials to move from their posts of command and influence in Brasília to lucrative jobs in the Brazilian branches of foreign companies. Gen. Golberi de Couto e Silva, former head of the National Information Service (the Brazilian equivalent of the CIA) became president of Dow Chemical of Brazil; Paulo Egídio, a former minister of industry, became president of Union Carbide; leaving his duties as minister of foreign relations, Vasco Leitão da Cunha assumed the presidency of Standard Electric; General Ademar de Queiroz, a former army minister, now heads Alcoa; the list goes on and on. Little wonder then that the foreign companies enjoy direct access to inner governmental councils.

In August 1971, when the editor-publisher Hélio Fernandes had the courage to accuse the military on the front page of his *Tribuna da Imprensa* of supporting an unpopular government instead of taking the lead to free Brazil from foreign economic domination, he was arrested and his paper closed down for forty-eight hours. The military does not look kindly on expressions of economic nationalism, and promptly silences anyone who might criticize foreign investments. But censorship goes far beyond this: it reaches every media, from newspapers to song lyrics, to eradicate even the most veiled criticism of the regime. Such rigorous censorship results in a bizarre, really surrealistic press. Most of what is printed is pap. "President Opens Grape Festival," yawned the headlines one morning last February. On another day in the same week, Brazilians must have stared in disbelief at this headline: "Brazil is Irretrievably Anti-Totalitarian Says Minister of War."

Often the censor forbids the publication of important news. For example, there was no news of the *coup d'état* of December 13, 1968, when the military measurably increased its hold on the country. Prohibited from publishing that news, the papers contained a weird assortment of miscellaneous information which demonstrated that not all Brazilians had lost their sense of humor. The staid *Correio da Manha* of Rio de Janeiro bore the glaring headline, "Rich Cat Dies of Heart Attack in Chicago." The *Jornal do Brasil* carried prominently a wry weather report, "Weather black. Temperature suffocating. The air is unbreathable. The country is being swept by a strong wind." The control of information reached a ludicrous climax in November 1971, when President Médici issued a decree authorizing himself to make secret decrees—which is to say, laws that are not divulged to the public. One wonders how it can be possible to obey a law that is secret.

Rigorous censorship produces intellectual sterility. The military dictatorship has managed to stunt all academic and artistic growth, and that, in turn, has enabled foreign culture to dominate. The intellectual independence so proudly and ably asserted in 1922 is no longer visible.

The shelves of leading bookstores are bare of any exciting new titles. Intellectuals can no longer debate new ideas in print or suggest alternative programs. In any case, few Brazilians can afford to buy books today. The military government removed the subsidy on paper with the result that the price of books has skyrocketed. They are a luxury now, within the reach only of a bourgeoisie whose tastes favor French, English and American authors.

Only a decade ago Brazilian music commanded an international audience. The sound of the *bossa nova* was heard throughout Europe and the United States. Musicians such as João Gilberto, Antônio Carlos Jobim, Sérgio Mendes and Edú Lôbo were as popular abroad as at home. *The Girl from Ipanema* became a hit song in the United States, and the younger set greeted *The Band* with enthusiasm. But when the musicians put protest to music, the military censors became instant music critics. One of the most popular songs in the late 1960s was called *Walking,* whose lyrics could be construed as mild protest against the unpopular military dictatorship. Much to the annoyance of the military, the whole nation seemed to be singing it:

There are soldiers who are armed but not loved
Mostly lost with their weapons in their hands.
In the barracks they learn the old lesson
Of dying for the country and living for nothing.

There is hunger on the great plantations
And desperation walking through the streets

Rius, Siempre (Mexico City)

*"It's More Practical to Divide the Profits among 2,000 Generals than among 100 Million Brazilians"*



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But still the people take the flower as their strongest weapon
In the belief that flowers can overcome the cannon.

"Subversive," charged the general in charge of public security in Rio de Janeiro, and he cautioned that the song has "a musical cadence of the Mao Tse-tung type that can easily serve as the anthem for student street demonstrations." The police began to harass composers and singers, many of whom fled into exile. Censorship of music went from the ridiculous to the absurd. Recently the composition of one of Brazil's most gifted and popular composers, Chico Buarque de Holanda, was banned because the lyrics claimed, "Tomorrow will be another day." The result has been to discourage the original music for which Brazil was gaining international recognition. Thus far into the 1970s music faithfully echoes foreign trends.

The theatre is in the same situation. Censorship has silenced some of the best dramatists and ended the so-called "popular" theatre. Here too, with subsidies gone or sharply reduced, few can afford the box-office prices. Foreign influence dominates the Brazilian stage. The most popular show in Rio de Janeiro during the first months of 1972 was called, in English not in Portuguese, *Brazil Export Show '72* and starred the Jo-Jo Smith dancers with choreography by Lenny Bruce. The expensive and elegant show looked like a flawed copy of a second-rate TV musical. The producers ignored the lively and original Brazilian music and dance to give the audience what they must have considered to be a chic Broadway revue. The upper-middle-class audience clapped its approval.

Imitation pervades Brazilian society to the point that the aping of foreign styles is both embarrassing and sad. With the temperature hovering in the mid-90s in February and March and with a humidity to match, middle-class matrons of Rio de Janeiro paraded about in pants suits. They dress their children the same way, and one feels for them as they trudge along the street in their knee boots (still in summer). Here the poor have at least the advantage that they must make do with sandals. One must suffer to be fashionable—particularly when one imports his ideas of fashion from distant and much cooler cities.

Not surprisingly those same middle-class imitators are abandoning their Brazilian cuisine for hot dogs, French fries and Coca-Cola. The *bahianas,* those marvelous cooks of distinctive Afro-Brazilian delicacies, have practically disappeared from the street corners of the major cities, where for centuries they sold their food. In their place, neon-lit, chrome-countered eateries have sprung up everywhere. Bearing the names of Bob's, Kidd's, Rick's, and Gordon's, these meccas of the middle class offer the same quick snack a teen-ager would relish in Kansas City or Denver.

Imitation of foreign models in no way embarrasses the middle class. To the contrary, they plaster their automobile windows with decals reading, "Brazil, Love It or Leave It." And when they say "it," they mean their imitative Brazil, devoid of the sin of originality or native genius.

Quite understandably, foreign governments smile on the new subservience of a Brazil that once challenged their investors and threatened to pursue a course of political, diplomatic, intellectual and economic independence. None has supported the Brazilian military more enthusiastically than the United States. President Johnson made no effort to disguise his pleasure over the military *coup d'état* on April 1, 1964. He telegraphed congratulations to the officers within hours after they had seized power (even before a cabinet had been formed) and expressed his admiration for the way the Brazilians had settled the matter "within the framework of constitutional democracy and without civil strife." In a bit of political baroque, U.S. Ambassador Lincoln Gordon classified the military take-over as "the single most decisive victory for freedom in the mid-20th century." U.S. aid in excess of $1.6 billion cascaded upon the new government. Washington has supplied more military aid to Brazil than to any other country in this hemisphere, aid which has no apparent use other than for "internal security."

The "land of the free" has helped to train the police force of a country in which there are at least 10,000 political prisoners, not even the façade of freedom, and no popular support for the government. In 1970 alone, according to Richard S. Winslow, Jr., a foreign service reserve officer with AID, the agency invested nearly half a million dollars on a "public safety" program for Brazil. In the decade ending in 1970 it had spent more than $7.5 million. It is believed that during the same decade, the public safety program assisted in training more than 100,000 policemen in Brazil; and an additional 523 were brought to the United States to learn more specialized skills, including riot control and counterinsurgency. The training progressed while the United States Catholic Conference, the National Conference of Brazilian Bishops, the Vatican, the World Federation of Trade Unions, foreign scholars, and the responsible international press documented for public study an appalling degree of political imprisonment and police torture, brutality and sadism in Brazil.

A litany of dreary social and economic statistics shows that the military government has done little, if anything, to solve the basic problems of the nation's 100 million inhabitants: fully 50 per cent of the population is illiterate; out of every 100 heads of family, seventy do not earn even the minimum wage equivalent to $35 a month; more than three-quarters of the farmers have no land of their own; 1.6 per cent of the landowners own nearly 50 per cent of the land; in the huge Northeast, the life expectancy barely reaches 30 years, a child dies every forty-two seconds, eighty-five per hour, 2,040 a day. In short, Brazil is a land where poverty, hunger, unemployment, underemployment, social waste, illiteracy and chronic sickness abound.

Atop a high hill dominating the quiet waters of Botafogo Bay in Rio de Janeiro stands a giant Coca-Cola sign. Blinking rhythmically in the evening air, it casts its bright reflection across the waters to taunt the Brazilians, reminding them that so much of their present culture is being imported, that so much of their genius is being suppressed, that so much of their originality is being discarded. Throughout 1972, as the celebrations marking Brazil's "independence" continue, the bands blare martial airs, flags flutter, patriotic oratory resounds and the Coca-Cola sign flashes its silent mockery through the long Brazilian night. □



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# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## *Thank You, Mama, We'll Be Careful About Him*

THE PRESIDENTIAL CHARACTER: Predicting Performance in the White House. *By James David Barber. Prentice-Hall. 465 pp. $10.*

**ROBERT SHERRILL**

It seems impossible to keep the nuts and misfits from getting into the Presidency. But it would be wonderful if we could predict, within reasonable limits, what kind of aberrations to expect from our votes. It would at least give us more time to buy that ticket to Mexico or Canada.

To satisfy this important need comes James David Barber, formerly on the Yale University faculty and as of next fall chairman of Duke University's Political Science Department. He spent this school year as a fellow of the Brookings Institution in Washington, where he put the finishing touches on his theory.

It is a remarkably readable book, spilling over with some of the most fascinating Presidential profiles you will find anywhere because Barber doesn't give a hoot—or at least he doesn't give one this time—about the dreary mechanics of most political studies; he is interested in how the child begets the President. It's not a new theory, but this is the first time, so far as I know, that anybody has tried to apply it to Presidential politics; tell me what the child and the young man were like, says Barber, and I'll tell you what to expect from the man in the White House. In other words, Barber would have been willing to trade all of Lyndon Johnson's 1964 promises and all his Senatorial voting records for one good candid comment from Mama Johnson about what her LBJ was like when he was young: "We always did feel that Lyndon was tryin' too hard to *prove* somethin'." Thank you, Mama, we'll be careful about him.

Having combed through every bit of spoor left by the Presidents of this century, Barber concludes that they can be pigeonholed under four types, the most important type at the moment being the "active-negative" character, for in that category belong not only Richard Nixon but Lyndon Johnson, Herbert Hoover and Woodrow Wilson.

The active-negative President, says Barber, desires power, but unlike the active-positive President (FDR, Kennedy, Truman) he does not get pleasure from using it and when he makes a mistake he is twisted with guilt. Perhaps worst of all, he can't laugh at himself. The active-negative President is compulsively active, is motivated by anxiety, and has difficulty controlling his more aggressive emotions. (Even if it isn't flattering, Nixon will probably enjoy being lumped with Wilson, whom he is said to admire more than any other modern President; it probably wasn't by accident that the USIA circulated a film comparing Nixon to Wilson.)

On the basis of their similarities of background, Barber predicts that if Nixon is ever faced with a major crisis which makes him feel trapped, he will freeze up, abandon what James Reston has called his "rubbery flexibility," and will stubbornly stick to his chosen course of action even if most of the evidence indicates that disaster lies in that direction. (The scene comes easily to the imagination: the bombers keep going in, in heavier and heavier waves, while Nixon sits in the Oval Room doodling on his yellow pad, alone except for his psychotherapist Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker, who keeps shouting, "Cool it, baby!")

Woodrow Wilson, when he could have won ratification of the League of Nations treaty by adjusting to a few fairly reasonable compromises that were suggested by his friends as well as his enemies in the Senate, positively refused to budge because he was convinced that the League "has come about by no plan of our conceiving, but by the hand of God who led us into this way." That was Wilson's favorite poker hand: King, Queen, Jack, Joker and God. And when the Senate drubbed him, Wilson still saw himself right up there beside the Almighty. "I have seen fools resist Providence before and I have seen their destruction," he said.

When the big crunch came in the depression, Hoover became just as rigidly fixed, Barber points out. There was so much unemployment in the country that when Russia advertised for 6,000 skilled workers, 100,000 Americans applied. But would Hoover ask Congress for a direct relief program? No, a thousand times no, for, said Hoover, "that would be playing politics with human misery." He, too, felt he could speak for God; relief, he said, was the "God-imposed responsibility of the individual man and woman to their neighbors." So, while he steered the ship of state over the falls, he suggested instead that Rudy Vallee "sing a song that would make people forget their troubles." A real nut in a crisis.

There's no use going over again how Johnson kept sending men into the Big Muddy, despite all the evidence that it was hopeless. Anyway, Barber's mission is not simply to rake over old compost piles for the pleasure of it but to point out that certain responses to the burdens of the Presidency are predictable. "Look to character first," he says. "At least by the time the man emerges as an adult, he has displayed a stance toward his experience, a proto-political orientation. The first clues are simple: by and large, does he actively make his environment, or is he passively made by it? And how does he feel about his experience—is his effort in life a burden to be endured or an opportunity for personal enjoyment?"

Wilson, Hoover, Johnson and Nixon finally learned how to shape their environment, but only after the roughest beginnings: Wilson being made to feel that he was a dunce because he didn't learn the alphabet until he was 9, didn't learn to read efficiently until he was 11, kept out of school until he was nearly 12, and then earning grades well below average; Hoover, extremely introspective, an orphan by the age of 9 and thereafter passed around among his uncles, his childhood mostly hard work and not much love; Johnson, caught between a blowhard father and a domineering mother who tried to smother him with love, was a shiftless teen-ager, a fruit tramp and road-gang bum; Nixon, whose father was an overbearing, cantankerous loser, always fighting poverty and seldom winning, and whose mother was a patient drudge who worked sixteen-hour days to keep the family store open and baked as many as fifty pies in the morning, teaching son Richard that it was not nice to display emotions.

Each of the four really hit his stride in college, even to the point—at least with Wilson and Johnson—that they held a heavy hand over their classmates; but each of the four was convinced that it wasn't brains but work and will power that put a man on top, not grace but drudgery, not good fortune but stubborn persistence.

Out of these backgrounds, says Barber, the four men came to politics and ultimately to the White House still trying to



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POEM

*When I*
*pare my*
*fancy, spiral-*
*ling the knife*
*under its ruddy green-*
*speckled skin, peeling off all*
*that polish, what's left*
*is just the firm white*
*flesh, the hard*
*core, the*
*seeds*

Suzanne Noguere

free themselves from an inner sense of inadequacy, each trying "to make up for something, to salvage through leadership some lost or damaged part of himself."

They had peculiar ideas about their relationship to the public and to the press. They were highly suspicious. "You know very well," Nixon once said, "that whether you are on page 1 or page 30 depends on whether they fear you." Each was marked with psychotic up-down emotions. One day Johnson would boast that the people "cling to my hands like I was Jesus Christ walking in their midst," and the next day he would ask mournfully, "Why don't people like me?" Although with the exception of the one really embarrassing defeat in 1962, when he failed in his try to become governor of California, Nixon has always had lucky breaks and success as a politician (the narrowness of his defeat by Kennedy in 1960 can hardly be considered a terrible failure), he still thinks "my political career has been one of very sharp ups and downs."

The active-negative President also feels constantly called on to defend his policies as though they were his manhood. Just as Johnson swore he would "never tuck tail and run" in Vietnam, Nixon explained his escalation of the bombing in 1972 by saying, "When they jump on you, you've got to hit back." Above all, the active-negative President, though surrounded by aides and advisers, feels that he is all alone with the burden of decisions, and he trusts only his own mind. Nixon vetoed the Hill-Burton Hospital Construction program in 1970 without consulting either Congressional leaders or HEW Secretary Richardson. In 1969 he sent the Family Assistance Plan to Congress over the 11-to-4 opposition within the Cabinet. The decision to invade Cambodia was made despite a frigid reception to the idea among his advisers. The decision to increase the bombing was made despite an almost total lack of enthusiasm among his civilian advisers.

And when one of his plans goes sour, or when his wishes are frustrated by his opponents, the active-negative President takes it as a personal insult, as Nixon did after the defeat of Judge Carswell's nomination to the Supreme Court, damning his opponents as "vicious" and "malicious" and full of "hypocrisy."

In short, although the active-negative President can bring memorable leadership to the White House, he is also an unbalanced leader and can develop a national tragedy out of his personal tragedy. "Conceivably," writes Barber, "that risk could be worth taking," but only if the alternative were a do-nothing President at a time when the nation's problems demanded that something be done.

The voter must also dread winding up with the "passive-negative" type of President—the Calvin Coolidge and the Dwight Eisenhower—the type who doesn't enjoy power, doesn't enjoy politics (Coolidge expressed his opinion of both by sleeping eleven hours at night and taking a nap in the afternoon), and is motivated by a painful sense of duty.

And the voter must also avoid the passive-positive type, the Taft and Harding type, cheerful, tail-wagging, spending more time trying to get people to love them than to achieve something. One can say of them as a class what a friend said to Harding, "Warren, it's a good thing you wasn't born a gal because you'd be in a family way all the time. You can't say No."

As with Wilson, Hoover, LBJ and Nixon, Barber also digs back through the early lives of these "passives" to show how the clues to their Presidencies were all there for anybody to see who felt like looking, instead of relying on campaign promises. And of course Barber also shows the childhood-to-President consistencies in the lives of the active-positive type—FDR, Truman, Kennedy—and although it is plain that the active-positives had a healthier view of life, one must also remember that the enjoyment of power and the high self-esteem that characterizes the active-positives does not necessarily mean—as history proves—that they are any the less dangerous in foreign affairs.

Barber wants his book to serve as a more accurate handicapper for Presidential races. It may serve as that; it surely inspires a more adequate insight and understanding of the politicians who wind up on top. But judging from our luck this century, I cannot see where any of the four categories offers much hope for the kind of balanced leadership that seems so elusive and yet does not really seem too much to ask for. Maybe the job is just too much for any one type. □

# Not M. Gorky But Still Mike Gold

MIKE GOLD: A Literary Anthology. *Edited by Michael Folsom. International Publishers. 322 pp. $9.50. Paper $3.25.*

**JACK SALZMAN**
*Mr. Salzman is associate professor of English at Long Island University. A volume edited by him,* Theodore Dreiser: The Critical Reception, *is to be issued by David Lewis. He is at present writing a cultural history of the 1930s, to be published by Random House.*

A few years ago, Edmund Wilson and the forces of the Modern Language Association engaged in one of the more interesting literary controversies of the past two decades. For those who may have forgotten, Wilson, in a scathing two-part article somewhat ambiguously entitled "Fruits of the MLA" (*New York Review of Books,* September 26 and October 10, 1968), took the association to task for sponsoring the publication of definitive texts of classic American authors. The ensuing charges and countercharges, which filled the back pages of the always controversy-hungry *New York Review,* were often as amusing as they were disheartening. Some of the editions prepared under the auspices of the Center for Editions of American Authors are indeed monsters: the Hawthorne volumes, for example, are as outrageously expensive as they are unattractive; and, as Lewis Mumford observed in 1967, the Emerson *Journals* are annotated to the point where Emerson is often lost in the maze of textual apparatus. Still, Wilson's article had a kind of peevishness that was not characteristic—he was angry that he had not managed to get the necessary funds for *his* project, a Pléiades edition of American authors to be done under his editorship.

Wilson had envisioned a series of inexpensive reprints of the major works of, among others, John DeForest, Henry Fuller, John Jay Chapman, Frederick Tuckerman and Trumbull Stickney. What we have instead—or are in the process of getting—is a *Selected Edition of William Dean Howells* in 41 volumes, the *Works of James Fenimore Cooper* in 48 volumes, and 15 volumes of the *Writings of William Gilmore Simms*; in all, the Center for Editions of American Authors is sponsoring 14 definitive editions with a projected total of 260 volumes. Neither Wilson nor anyone at the MLA suggested a volume of Mike Gold's writ-



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ings, or of any other radical, for that matter. Yet if we can use an edition of the poetry of Trumbull Stickney, we certainly need collections of the writings of, say, Floyd Dell, V. F. Calverton, Joseph Freeman, Robert Forsythe and Joshua Kunitz—need them much more than we do a 28-volume *Complete Works of Washington Irving*.

At the present time, in paperback alone, there are at least 20 editions of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, 16 of *Moby Dick*, 30 of *The Scarlet Letter*, and 13 of *Sister Carrie*. What of the left-wing writers of the twenties and thirties? One keeps hearing about a renewal of interest in the literature of the 1930s, a reawakening that's about to burst upon us at any moment. But that moment has been coming for six or seven years, and one begins to suspect that it already has passed us by. Some time ago, Greenwood Publishing Company issued its series of reprints of radical periodicals; three or four anthologies appeared; *Jews Without Money*, *The Disinherited* and *Waiting for Nothing* were published in paperback, and then there was a tapering off. Last year, Liveright brought out a collection of Albert Maltz's stories and Quadrangle published the stories of Tess Slesinger. (Little attention was paid to either volume.) This year, Southern Illinois has reissued Robert Cantwell's *The Land of Plenty*. But that's about it: there is nothing available by Sol Funaroff, Josephine Herbst, Orrick Johns, Joseph Kalar, Edwin Rolfe, Isidor Schneider, Mary Heaton Vorse—and on and on. Greenwood shortly will be publishing a 4-volume collection of social writings of the 1930s, and John Howard Lawson and Jack Conroy (among others, no doubt) continue to work on their memoirs, but what else will be forthcoming? Not very much, it would seem.

So, *Mike Gold: A Literary Anthology* is all the more welcome. What the university presses and large commercial houses apparently still want no part of, International Publishers has given us. And just because that firm is known as a publisher of left-wing writing, *Mike Gold: A Literary Anthology* may not attract as wide an audience as it might had the collection come from a different house. And in that case, more's the pity. There is nothing shoddy about this volume. Michael Folsom, who worked with Gold on this collection until the latter's death in 1967, has chosen his selections well (they cover more than forty years in Gold's career), and he provides a reasonably tempered and informative, if somewhat florid, introduction. What he has given us is a collection of some of the best pieces by a writer who, for more than a quarter of a century, was one of the most important figures in American letters.

That is not to make an exaggerated claim in Gold's behalf: his importance was very real; his artistic talents were very limited. Gold may not have died the most detested writer in our history, "the very pariah of American letters," as Folsom claims in his introduction, but for many years he was the best-known literary Communist in the United States. And that dubious distinction certainly tells us little about Gold's qualities as a writer. To be sure, by 1930 (as Folsom remarks) Gold was indeed a national figure, "the budding 'Gorky' of American literature." But Gold was not Gorky, and I think Folsom is mistaken in arguing that Gold's failure to publish anything of consequence in the way of imaginative literature after 1930 was due to his early success. Gold simply was not a great artist, often not even a good one, and it would be foolish to argue otherwise. *Jews Without Money* holds up well, but the poems and plays have little more than historical interest. Gold, I think, published very little of consequence in the way of imaginative literature either before or after *Jews Without Money* because essentially he was not a writer of imaginative literature. Rather, he was a polemicist, a demanding voice, one of the most articulate spokesmen the literary Left has had.

Most of the pieces in this collection were written before the 1930s, and that seems right; they undoubtedly represent the time of Gold's most important work. "Towards Proletarian Art," which he wrote for *The Liberator* in 1921, remains an extraordinary document: as bombastic as it is romantic, it is the first clear call for a "proletarian literature" in the United States. Gold, we learn, would eventually be somewhat embarrassed by this Whitmanesque manifesto, and his later statements are surely less rhetorically extravagant than this essay; but almost everything Gold wrote thereafter was a variation on his basic dictum that "When there is singing and music rising in every American street, when in every American factory there is a drama group of the workers, when mechanics paint in their leisure, and farmers write sonnets, the greater art will grow and only then." This was Gold's great cry for revolution, and it was to be sounded often in the 1920s and 1930s. In "Go Left, Young Writers!," "Wilder: Prophet of the Genteel Christ" and "Proletarian Realism," the same cry was heard: art was indeed a weapon in the class war and it was up to the young workers of the world to use that weapon. "Do not be passive," Gold wrote in a *New Masses* editorial in January 1929. "Write. Your life in mine, mill and farm is of deathless significance in the history of the world. Tell us about it in the same language you use in writing a letter. It may be literature—it often is. Write. Persist. Struggle."

As much as any literary radical, and more than most, Mike Gold continued to believe that art would and must come from the proletariat. He continued to believe that a Jack London or a Walt Whitman would yet emerge from the crop of young workers who were contributing to the *New Masses*. (Gold apparently never sensed the despair which haunts so much of Whitman's writings, nor did he really understand the "house of pain" —to use Newton Arvin's phrase—in which Emerson and Thoreau found themselves.) And, of course, Gold continued to believe in the revolution. His famous piece on Thornton Wilder, which appeared in *The New Republic* in 1930, set the tenor for many of the literary debates which were to dominate the depression years. And over the next decade and a half, Gold published several real blockbusters: in 1935 he attacked Theodore Dreiser for his alleged anti-Semitism ("The Gun Is Loaded, Dreiser!"); in 1946 he took on such literary "renegades" as Lewis Mumford, Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway ("Renegades: A Warning of the End"); and five years later he joined the Left's attack on Albert Maltz ("The Storm Over Maltz"), who had dared to suggest that for the young writers on the Left, the doctrine of art as a weapon was more a strait jacket than a useful guide. But from the mid-1930s on, Gold's voice became less and less influential. Not that he stopped writing—his columns were always to be found in the *Daily Worker*, and later in *People's World*. It's just that, as in the case of his one-time friend, Theodore Dreiser, Gold's past became more important than what he had to contribute to the present; he became his own legend.

Today, there isn't very much left of that legend. For just as we continue to resurrect the laundry lists of Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper, so we continue to neglect the important contributions made by such left-wing writers as Mike Gold. No doubt there are those who still remember his work and his person, but Folsom scarcely exaggerates when he writes that Gold is generally regarded as a "wart on the buttocks of American literature." Our scholars snub him, while our critics sneer—a "hostile travesty" was the best Leslie Fiedler could say of *Jews Without Money*. Gold deserves better, and so do we. In 1930, the year in which that



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novel was published, Sinclair Lewis told the Nobel Prize audience in Stockholm that because of the passionate, authentic work of some young American writers, American literature was finally emerging from "the stuffiness of safe, sane, and incredibly dull provincialism." Of the writers whom Lewis singled out for particular praise, only Mike Gold has been so singularly ignored. To continue to ignore him is to testify not so much to our fear of literature (as Lewis came to call his address) as to our fear of the past. The tradition of American radical literature must be dealt with. As this collection amply demonstrates, if Mike Gold is a wart on the buttocks of American literature, that is where part of the best of America's conscience is to be found. □

# Leading the Joual to Water

THE SHOUTING SIGNPAINTERS: A Literary and Political Account of Quebec Revolutionary Nationalism. *By Malcolm Reid. Monthly Review Press. 315 pp. $8.95.*

**CHARLES LAM MARKMANN**
*Mr. Markmann, a frequent contributor, is a journalist, critic, novelist and translator. He is currently at work on an analytical study of an aspiring American dynasty and on* The Grubs of Academe, *an examination of community colleges in a state educational system.*

What makes one attempt at secession—Quebec's, let us say—legitimate, and others—Katanga's, say, or the Confederacy's—treasonable? Why should white Americans (as this book rather improbably contends they do) envy "soul talk," and when does the exaltation of ghetto speech miraculously change from the imperialist colonialist's weapon of oppression and impoverishment to the revolutionary nationalist's Excalibur of freedom and intellectual enrichment? Why should a Canadian seem ashamed and guilty at the accident of birth as an Anglo-Saxon, like so many Americans crushed by the accident of birth as whites? Why must art be rigorously political—except when it serves a politics one doesn't like? Why is it permissible regretfully to blow to bits a Canadian employer's middle-aged spinster secretary though it is loathsome to burn to death a Vietnamese of any age, sex or trade? What transmutes "getting stoned" and high erotica from bourgeois self-indulgence to significant radical political action?

These are questions by which it is impossible not to be seduced while pursuing Malcolm Reid's passionately partisan—and by that very fact the more valuable—history of radical separatism (or, as it seems to prefer to call itself, nationalism) in French Canada. Born and bred in social democracy in Ontario, Mr. Reid is frankly the advocate of the "colonized" whose intellectual history he so ably and honestly examines here. Accepting the rightness, the desirability and the feasibility of a nation of Quebec, Mr. Reid manages for the most part to avoid the jargon—whether of language or of thought—that is characteristic of such movements today.

*The Shouting Signpainters* derives its title from a long poem by one of them: *"L'Afficheur hurle"* (which Reid aptly translates "The Poster-Hanger Shouts"), by Paul Chamberland. Reid focuses primarily on the group that calls itself (always without capitals) *parti pris* and that has made its presence felt through a magazine, a publishing house and a political-action club, all of them called *parti pris*. The position taken is quite baldly one of Left revolutionary nationalism, rejecting as goals both independence without socialism and socialism without independence—though there are various opinions within *parti pris* as to the interim acceptability of these halfway houses. What concerns Reid, especially, is the literary-linguistic-political aspect of the struggle and the efficacy of literature and language in the achievement of national liberation.

The problem of bilingualism in Canada, particularly eastern Canada, is far from new, and it is no more likely to be satisfactorily resolved there than it is in Belgium or Eire or Zaire, to take the first examples that come to mind. What interests Reid, however, is something more peculiar still, and that is the sublanguage known as *joual*—what Reid apparently regards as the *québécois* equivalent of (to use his term) "soul talk" in the United States, though it would probably be more accurate—technically, at least—to equate it with the dilute 18th-century German spoken in the uplands of central and eastern Pennsylvania. The name arises from the popular mispronunciation of *cheval*, which the *Québécois* say as if it were spelled *joual*. Canadian-spoken French, largely centuries-old Norman to begin with, has undergone vicissitudes quite analogous to those traced for American Italian, German and Yiddish by H. L. Mencken in *The American Language*, so that in this sense there is nothing remarkable about *joual*, and the mechanic in Nicolet who has to *"faire un job au clutch"* is at least cousin german to the one in White Plains who has *"trovato una giobba 'n una garagia."* The difference, of course, lies in the fact that the man in Nicolet regards himself—or is asked to regard himself—as the victim of colonialist oppression and his dialect as the despoiled language of an invaded nation. For, if Reid is to be believed, the French-speaking nationalist of Quebec justly regards any attempt by "Anglos" to communicate with him in that language as a further robbery.

Whether French or *joual*, language is in all events integral to the movement that is the author's theme, and he swiftly yet thoroughly rehearses the historical process that has culminated in *parti pris*. That movement, he makes clear, is not alone today in the cultural and political struggle of Francophone Canada; but it is in his view the unquestionable vanguard, and the best hope for the future. This does not tempt him, however, to neglect those tendencies and individuals that are not aligned with or close to *parti pris*, and his book is careful to render full justice to them, as it is to recognize the derelictions of the side that he has made his. He has the rare quality—rare among those who insist on the political function of art—of refusing to exonerate artistic ineptitude on the ground of political orthodoxy.

*Parti pris* is less than ten years old—the magazine began to appear in September 1963, as a *"revue politique et culturelle."* The names that have been integral elements in its establishment and growth are for the most part unknown outside Canada and hardly better known at home—except, of course, to the political police. Some of these authors have occasionally found refuge and publication in France, but none of them appears to have felt other than alien there. These men—there are few women in the group, to which male chauvinism is not exactly foreign—are for the most part, as Reid points out, *petits bourgeois* in the Marxist sense, by career if not always by birth: a physician or two, teachers, graduate students, advertising and public relations writers, personnel men, newspaper and wire-service reporters and desk men (Reid himself covered the movement for a Sherbrooke newspaper and, later, Canadian Press), lawyers and so on. Here and there one finds a man of the working class, such as the taxi driver whose account of his trade was one of the first books to be published by *parti pris*. Many of the leaders of the movement have paid for their activity with their jobs, and most of them have the



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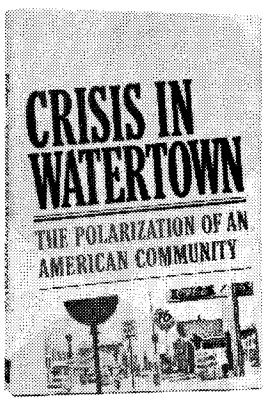
inevitable battle of conscience that is an inescapable part of daily economic survival for any but the most ascetic and the most dedicated.

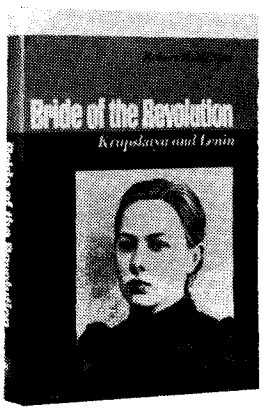
The names of some of them have gained currency outside Canada, as a result of publication in France or, much more rarely, the United States (Claude Jasmin, Pierre Vallières, Hubert Aquin, Gabrielle Roy, Anne Hébert—though Reid deprecates the absence of militancy on the part of the two women). Some (Miss Hébert, Marie-Clair Blais) were brought to American attention by Edmund Wilson in *O Canada,* his critical survey of French-Canadian literature. But most of them—those who have since withdrawn and those who remain militant both culturally and politically—are totally unknown outside their own enclave. Reid has done a masterly job of giving American readers, through judicious quotation and first-rate translation, a real sampling of this vigorous if uneven and sometimes disappointing literature being created by poets, novelists, polemicists and militants such as Laurent Girouard, Germain Archambault, Jacques Renaud, André Major, Jacques Ferron, Jean-Jules Richard, Jean-Robert Rémillard, Gérald Godin, Clémence Desrochers, Robert-Lionel Séguin, Pierre Vadeboncoeur. Most of these are people whom Reid knows and has interviewed, and he quotes at length their notions of *parti pris* and its aims and methods, and of revolutionary nationalism in general.

"A book is an event," Godin told Reid. A poet and critic, Godin was then (unofficially) the editor in chief of *parti pris.* Even if a book "does not sell, does not sweep the country, does not get into the hands of the masses, influence political choices at the moment of appearance, the important thing is that its statement has been written into history," Godin continued. "The book will be reported on in the press, provoke reactions, just like a speech or a demonstration—and no literary movement in Quebec has caused so much talk, been so much commented on as *parti pris* and the *joual* novels. I call it a literary sit-in. We appeared on the scene and said: 'The language is in a mess, and we're going to sit here and write in it, make you listen to it, until the reasons for this mess have been recognized.' . . . we were occupying the sacred ground of literature, desecrating the private property of the academicians, the purveyors of pure French." Yet Reid's honesty compels him to present the other side of the question as Charles Gagnon viewed it in *Révolution québécoise*: "the commonsense argument," Reid says, "that *joual* had no future, no academy, no fixed address—*When Joual Puts on Airs* was his title—and to ennoble it was to glory in one's own wounds, a masochist's glory." Nonetheless, in the end Reid concludes that Gagnon "seemed to me to have correctness where *parti pris* had profound, sensed truth."

At times one is saddened by the gullibility with which these revolutionary nationalists and their historian are taken in by soapbox platitudes of fifty years ago ("only the oppressor could be an authentic racist"; "the radical tradition" of the Jews and "their long militancy in the Communist Party and other left-wing movements"; the touching notion that only Fascists are anti-Semitic), by the pretentious self-justifications of the narcotics-and-pornography intelligentsia, by the self-conscious condescension of "where it's at" and "telling it like it is." Is there not anyone, anywhere, who is immune to "the media"?

It would be presumptuous to attempt to assess the ultimate historical place of French Canadian or any other "revolutionary nationalism," or the destinies and consequences of so many contemporary efforts at what to some serious minds appear to be dangerous Balkanizations. But they are part of current history, and Reid has done an excellent job of penetrating far below the surface of the move-

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ment in Canada. One of the most refreshing qualities of his book and of its protagonists is the very realistic detachment with which both the author and *parti pris* are able to assess precisely what that vanguard of an intellectual elite has been able to accomplish among the masses whom it intends to arouse to self-fulfillment.

*The Shouting Signpainters* has an adequate index and a very useful bibliography and discography. □

# ART

## LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

New York has accumulated some public sculptures in the past few years, without so far as I can see being the better or worse for it. Public art seems neither to have acted as inspiration nor impeded traffic flow. Works of a fair size have been set down here and there, but without revealing an equivalent to the public iconography of 19th-century monuments and without having any formal impact on the fabric of the city. Perhaps the way to achieve public contact with works intended for the public is to find a way to do more than deposit before them finished works whose main symbolic function is the embodiment of the artist's personal style. The Public Arts Council—part of the Municipal Art Society, a nonprofit civic organization of private membership, has conceived a way to tackle this problem.

Last summer four artists initiated a sculpture symposium in the garden of the Cooper Hewitt Museum at Fifth Avenue and 91st Street. The artists (Monoru Mizuma, Paul Jenkins, Philip Pavia and Karl Prandt) received support from the Neighborhood Action Program in the area and that led this year to the Public Arts Council's ambitious plan. What was proposed was a competition among artists for sculpture on public sites in the Washington Heights-Inwood-Marble Hill area. The three communities and the professional art world were involved from the beginning, with the aim of securing decisions compounded of local expertise and disinterested aesthetic judgment.

More than sixty artists were invited to submit proposals, a dozen of which were selected by the joint committee (of which I was a member). Visualizations and models of the selected sculptures were circulated in the recipient neighborhood. The five sculptors ranked highest by community vote were Eduardo Ramirez, Inverna Lockpez, Clement Meadmore, Richard Hamner and Terry Fugate-Wilcox. Though only 1,000 or so residents voted, the opportunity for community participation was continuous and included the initial selection of possible sites. This latter, excellent suggestion was made by the Public Arts Council on the ground that residency is a better preparation for siting public sculpture than Abstract design principles imposed from above. The works are scheduled for construction, on site if possible, in the Washington Heights-Inwood-Marble Hill neighborhood this summer.

As part of the involvement of the public with art in terms that are more flexible than inspecting finished works, the six sculptors were scheduled to be available to the community in a "Sculpture in the Schoolyard" workshop at P.S. 173 (174th Street, between Broadway and Fort Washington Avenue). Contact and participation of this kind may well serve instead of a common iconography to start linking people in New York with their monuments. At any rate, the idea seems to me first rate in its preservation of a balance of local concern and professional standards. Unfortunately the Art Commission, a city agency charged with overseeing urban design from park benches to monumental sculpture, threatens to block the experiment by objecting to some of the sculpture. The commission objected to Lockpez and Hamner among the community's five, as well as to Tom Doyle and Todd Williams among the initial dozen. Why these artists were singled out from the others is obscure. Ironically, the Art Commission was formed years ago as the result of efforts by the Municipal Art Society (founded in 1892). Its intended function was certainly not the curtailment of socially imaginative and aesthetically sound projects, and one hopes for the early reversal of a prejudiced judgment.

There is a gradual change in New York of the ways in which art is distributed (the Public Arts Council's Environmental Sculpture Program is an example). The background apocalyptic talk is about the end of art and the collapse of the bourgeois system of moving art around, but the specific small revisions hold more interest than unachieved total reform. At 10 Bleeker Street (west of Bowery) until July 8, "6 Sculptors—7,000 Sq. Feet," looks like a cooperative show put on by artists, because of an unhustling rapport among the pieces, but it is actually an invitational exhibition arranged by Alanna Heiss. The large area on two floors is in use as a gallery because the building is unoccupied and its owners have permitted this temporary use. Mrs. Heiss is program director of



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the Municipal Art Society, which thus again enters the picture as an innovative force in the expansion of New York art. She is also director of Workspace, a project sponsored by the society, which seeks to use temporary and unoccupied spaces for exhibitions, as here, and to gain temporary tenancy for artists in vacant buildings.

Each sculptor is represented ostensibly by a single piece, though one of them has what looks to me like two. The building is a battered loft, lit by naked light bulbs, a raw but ample place for the showing of large works. Alphabetically, here is what is on view: Cecile Abish has a circle of dripped plaster on sheets of brown paper, and a set of three tapered pieces of paper with broad plaster bands running along them until they touch the narrow ends of the paper. The circle, something of an abstraction in its regularity, is contrasted with the physical but unassuming materials employed in its construction; the circle loops two of the columns and this links it to the site where it was made and also introduces another contrast, between the fragility of the circle and the *thereness* of the structural members. Bill Bollinger has a chunky wood piece of three identical gangways, two set at right angles and used as walls, holding a third unit which thrusts up and out and invites walking. Peter Gourfain has four huge planks paired in opposing directions, supported on a metal trestle. The effect of these canted parts is an insistent joining of floor plane and room space; the pieces go from ground to air with an unmediated directness. These three pieces are on the first floor.

Robert Grosvenor has a scabby, antique telephone pole set between bollards, one at each end, with the third set against the pole on the opposite side at a place where the pole has splintered. Thus the long, raking piece becomes a diagram of forces, as if pressure from the three bollards had broken the pole. Jene Highstein has a ground-hugging piece consisting of two tapered triangles joined at their short side, one flat on the floor, the other stepped up an inch or so. The metal tubes of the raised section sag under their own weight to the floor, in sharp contrast to earlier formal decisions by sculptors who sought clear, fine junctions and tiptoe effects of balance. However, the protracted fall alerts one to both the tug of gravity and the physical property of the material used. At each side of the door onto the second floor are two low wooden squares, one about 3 inches high, the other lower. They do not establish volume so much as declare territorial boundaries claimed by the artist with a minimum of apparatus. They are unmistakably related to each other, like two room plans, whereas the Abish downstairs seems more like two different pieces.

There is a shared tendency to use materials in a raw state, though not as porous and volatile as in Process art; the materials are treated as literal presences, but all are taken to a firm end-state. Techniques of assembling tend to acts of stacking, leaning, hanging; bolting is declared openly when it occurs, so that it reaffirms the discreteness of each element. The works are solidly three-dimensional for the most part, but in a loose-jointed sort of way. This type of structure is congenial to intimate contact with the site, which acts not only as a container but as a matrix. Only Abish and Nonas made new pieces on the site, but the other pieces fit in perfectly. The beat-up materials of the sculptures correspond in substance and texture to the surrounding architectural space. One of the obstacles to the environmental deployment of sculpture in the 20th century has been its physical unlikeness to its surroundings. This can take the form of either the contrast of rough sculpture against smooth architecture (a planner's cliché) or the contrast of fine materials against vernacular environment (a collector's cliché). The loft gallery can change this, as was seen in the show of "13 Women Artists" at 117-119 Prince Street (*The Nation*, March 27). SoHo has been the subject of much self-advertisement, but the congruence of big sculpture and fragile sculpture of brute or crumbling materials in dilapidated interiors has revealed clearly a new sculptural style which is harder to see in clean well-lighted places where it is beset by contrast. □

# FILMS

## ROBERT HATCH

Anyone finding himself in the mood for a round of sex murders will be rewarded by *Frenzy*, Alfred Hitchcock's latest. I don't say that sardonically—sex killings have long been a reliable subject for popular entertainment, both because they titillate and because, unlike other forms of homicide, the customary methods of establishing motive will get you nowhere. These fictions are less mysteries than races against time.

And at that sort of race, Hitchcock has few peers. In the present case, as nude corpses of strangled girls tumble into view all over London, he goes his serene way, dotting his i's and crossing his t's, and refusing to be hurried by the anguish of the audience. It is elegant sadism that Hitchcock practices on his customers. *Frenzy* is not one of his great pictures (alas, it is probable that he long ago made the last of those) but it is one of his good ones. London looks great in the silky smooth photography and a first-rate cast is employed to build substantial characterizations. The picture hides nothing—you know almost from the start who is putting his neckties to this grisly work; instead of a puzzle, it offers a message. To wit: a fellow may be all kinds of a bastard without necessarily killing for the fun of it, but if he is suspected of such practices, his bad name will propel him rapidly to the dock. Thus Richard Blaney (Jon Finch), an ex-RAF hero down on his luck and tending bar (which he shouldn't, since he's a mean drunk) is a petulantly violent, self-pitying man. When his former wife turns up dead at her office desk, eyes turn instinctively toward this sorry fellow, though nothing in his past suggests that there is a kink in his sex life. Whereas the real killer (Barry Foster), though brash and vulgar, is as decent a fellow as you would want to meet—when he isn't working off his impotence in blood lust. The counterpoint between these two, though hardly profound, is professionally brilliant.

And for the most part, Hitchcock's wit is working well. I enjoyed his dim, dogged inspector (Alec McCowen), suffering under the eccentricities of his wife's cordon bleu cooking-school menus, though the wife herself (Vivien Merchant) I found monotonously waspish and implausibly gaga. The opening sequence is a vintage example of Hitchcock's peculiar sense of humor. An unctuous, public-servant type has gathered a small group onto the Embankment to celebrate the imminent victory over the pollution of the Thames, when a young, very white body, clothed only in a garroting necktie, floats into shore and suspends the festivities. After that, one can be reasonably sure that Hitchcock will be up to some nasty tricks, but that


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none of them need be taken to heart. So it proves: there is a scene in a potato truck making for the northern counties, when the killer must wrestle with the body of his latest victim to recover an identifying tiepin, that I would not want the very young or very impressionable to see; I got through it by remembering that Hitchcock had his eye on me. That victim, by the way, is played by Anna Massey (Raymond Massey's daughter), who has a rather large nose and almost no chin, and who reminds me that, in the theatre, the really alluring women are seldom the beautiful ones. Her pert, cockney-canny barmaid is a darling, and I was genuinely sorry to see her go. □

# DANCE

## NANCY GOLDNER

At an unusually merry press conference, held several months ago to announce the New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Festival, George Balanchine explained that the festival was to be first and foremost an exposition of Stravinsky's music, from his first sonata (1902) to his late serial compositions (1966). Then the choreographer-musician tossed in an aside: "Maybe the ballets will be lousy." Now it is often difficult to tell when this twinkling-eyed gent is being serious and when a put-on artist; usually he is both, finding total seriousness too pompous for a mere mortal, and too dull. On the other hand, I doubt that he has ever said anything that he did not mean quite seriously. He meant that the concept of the festival—to resurrect the man through his music—is infinitely bigger than the parts. Besides, ballets die after each performance. Ballets are built on bodies, which change. Music is shaped out of time, which is timeless.

Of the twenty-one dance premières held during the festival week (June 18-25), some will never be seen again, some might be done only once more at Saratoga this summer, and some will go into the repertory, which is ever changing. After a few years, maybe a few decades, these ballets composed to and for Stravinsky will be no more; certainly they can never be seen in the unique context of the festival. The tremendous amount of energy harnessed for the week is actually a flash in the pan, although it will be reverberating in the future. Knowing this and doing it anyway makes Balanchine's tribute to his friend poignant and big-hearted. However, he not only knows but relishes the fact that ballets die, that the quality of a single creation, depending on chance as well as skill, is not as important as long-run productivity—so if one ballet is lousy, who cares? There's tomorrow—and life itself, though it can be fruitful, is pretty much a flash in the pan. This zestful acknowledgment of mortality is what made the Stravinsky fete joyous instead of tragic. I think of Yeats's aged sages, whose "glittering eyes are gay," when I think of Balanchine. He has always found delight in making beautiful dances on death's doorstep.

As it turned out, Balanchine triumphed. "Lousy" ballets—there were some—were left with the other choreographers. Except for *Circus Polka,* for forty-eight kids, Jerome Robbins' ballets were flawed. *Dumbarton Oaks* is ill-conceived from the start, since the music does not lend itself to the 1930s, tap-dancing, tennis, anyone?, themes on which the ballet rests. *Scherzo Fantastique* is pretty and light and was intended to be no more than that. *Requiem Canticles* denies Stravinsky's honest religiosity with self-conscious attempts at gravity and ritualism. Most of the movements and patterns are mannered and manipulative. For example, when the last chimes of the score ring, the dancers huddle and look soulfully outward and upward. In exact time to the droplets of music, each moves his head slightly and in a slightly different direction from the others. It is ever so carefully planned and ever so corny.

Each of Balanchine's nine new ballets was masterful, some as professional as can be, others musically daring and incredibly complicated, still others simply charming, and a few inspired. Each one of them had its exquisite moments. Perhaps some were hoping for another *Agon,* that is, another landmark in choreographic development. His two most ambitious ballets, *Symphony in Three Movements* and *Violin Concerto in D,* had magnificent sections, but they will not be as historically important as *Agon.* (After seeing *Agon* again, during the festival, I wonder if any ballet could ever be as perfect.) Anyway, Balanchine does not care about history and those looking for masterpieces miss the point of the festival. No one ballet could equal the magnificence of the idea. Yet there were times when Balanchine's choreography was so wonderful that the festival situation faded and all that mattered was what was happening at the particular second.

One of my favorite moments was a sequence of jumps for Helgi Tomasson in the Divertimento from *Le Baiser de la Fée.* All the sequence amounted to was a variation on something very commonplace: a preparatory sliding step with a little spring in it, called a glissade, followed by a moving jump in which one leg is thrown forward and the other backward. Usually, after the glissade the weight is on the front foot. This gives the dancer the momentum to jump off the floor on the front foot, with the back one swinging forward and up into the jump. His back is straight and he faces the line of direction. But that is not what Balanchine had Tomasson do. Instead of springing naturally off the front foot, he jumps off the back foot. Instead of facing the line of direction, his whole body is almost at right angles to it. He does these jumps in a circle, leading with the "wrong" foot and at the "wrong" angle. The effect is that of a car skidding around a corner on its outside wheels. Tomasson was so skimming and elegant in this unnatural deployment of momentum and balance that he seemed like those flying saucers that reportedly can veer at a right angle without slowing down.

Duets are as important as arias. In *Symphony in Three Movements* Balanchine has composed a strangely quiet, sensuous, meditative interlude with a pronounced Eastern tinge for Edward Villella and Sara Leland. Much of the movement is on bent knees, and the heels are quite close to the ground. Elbows are bent, and the hands are flattened, palms outward. The dancers move with feline laziness as they hook and unhook arms, as rolling neck caresses rolling neck, as he slowly lowers her curled body between his knees and just as slowly brings her back to an upright position. They also have a sensuous passivity in the exotic poses they cut. He stands behind her. Their arms are held abreast, elbows jutting to the sides. He bends backward, she forward. Are they Indian dancers, super-deluxe fashion models, figures on a totem pole? Underlying their gaze is a feeling of controlled barbarism. One is reminded that Balanchine was born in a land half Eastern and half Western.

The duet for Kay Mazzo and Peter Martins in *Violin Concerto* is amazingly complex and dense, as is most of the ballet. It churns and seems to be a continuous process of knotting and unknotting. In their first phase, she faces him for a second, grabs his waist and slides to the floor, resting on her front haunch while her back leg is tensely stretched. He looks to the right. She looks to the left, her arm partly covering her face. There is discord here, which builds and builds as their sculptured and quickly changing poses become more multidimensional. Too, their relationship with the music becomes increasingly independent, until they finally seem to be in total counterpoint, though never in disharmony. Perhaps that is one reason why Mazzo's simple big movement to the one


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resounding chord in the score is such a shock. Another reason is that nothing is simple between this couple. But as soon as she has made that simple declaration the duet turns convoluted again. She collapses her knees inward and rotates away from Martins, who is grasping her ankles. The choreography is so innovative, intense and rich that detailed analysis of it, and clues as to why it seems to be a profound embodiment of inner turbulence, must await further performances. But first let me describe one luscious detail in it. Martins rolls Mazzo from one foot to another. In this little air voyage, she starts out with one foot pointed and the other flexed. With great deliberation and yet speed, she simultaneously points the flexed foot and flexes the pointed one. We can almost see each dot along the arced paths her feet trace. As the trip ends, she lands on one foot and whips her flexed foot along the floor into a point. This is an exclamation point to a juicy five-second game. Many choreographers have played with flexed feet in classical ballet, but Balanchine's version is now the definitive one.

*Duo Concertant,* for piano and violin, is one of the most beautiful duets Balanchine has ever done. As a metaphor on the idea that the festival celebrates music, Mazzo and Martins listen to the musicians, who are on the stage, almost as much as they dance. Watching them listen is a theatrical experience in itself. Their faces speak a multitude of unknown thoughts, but the intensity and sweet concentration with which they listen suggest that the notes are running through their bodies. Finally, they are moved to dance. At first they stick closely to the music's beat, almost "conducting" it with arms and legs; torsos are still.

Becoming more free, the dance turns into a melting duet, each phrase winding down on slightly bent knees, as in a whisper. They dance with seeming spontaneity. Even when Balanchine arranges an unusual means of partnering—as when he scoops her from the floor holding only the underside of her thigh—the movement spins off them with utter simplicity and naturalness. In other sections, they occasionally stop dancing to listen. At those times, Martins firmly takes hold of her hand or slips his arm around her waist. She is shy, but the music pleases her and so does he. She does not move away. They listen in repose, arm in arm. In the last part, the stage darkens except for a white spotlight. She places her arm in the light and raises it above her head. No longer is it her arm; it exists independently, like a segment of a statue. He kisses the back of her hand, a supplicant at the throne of beauty. She is now a goddess-ballerina; he, her servant. She steps out of the light. He steps into it. Not finding her, he leaves. She returns. He kisses her hand again. The jump from intimate hand-holding to ceremonial hand-kissing is theatrically daring. It is also inevitable, and those who cannot accept the leap or the brazen display of sentiment cannot ultimately accept one of the underlying themes of Balanchine's work. In his most noble ballets he elevates the dancer into an image of love, a Muse-ballerina who inspires but is unreachable. And so this ending is an apotheosis of Balanchine's art.

At first, about a year ago, the Stravinsky Festival sounded like a crazy idea, but somewhere during the middle of the week it too took on an aura of inevitability and finally became an apotheosis of the New York City Ballet's style and achievement. As for myself, the week was revitalizing. I imagine that the festival will be an experience of a lifetime. □

# MUSIC

## DAVID HAMILTON

Whatever its place in the history of dance, the New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Festival (June 18-25) constituted a substantial benefaction to the musical public, for the seven programs—thirty-five works, four of them not danced—presented very nearly a third of the composer's total catalogue. Adding up the New York Philharmonic's 1966 summer Stravinsky Festival, the ballet series, the fifteen works announced for next season at the Philharmonic, and such other events as the Hamburg (1967) and Juilliard (1969) productions of *The Rake's Progress,* one can say that nearly every major Stravinsky score will have been played in New York over a seven-year period—surely a record, and an opportunity for listeners, that no other city can match.

Unlike the 1966 festival (which, despite some gimmickry in the programming, gave us something like a representative selection of "highlights" from Stravinsky's career), the City Ballet programs were significantly biased, although not unrewardingly so. This was very much "Balanchine's Stravinsky," a portrait of the composer between 1920 and 1947 (from *Pulcinella* to *Orpheus,* the so-called "Neoclassical period"), with side panels devoted to the early music (up to *The Firebird,* 1910) and the last years (*Agon, Movements,* the *Requiem Canticles*).


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Notably absent was the decade after 1910, the time of *Petrushka, The Rite of Spring, Renard, The Wedding* and *The Soldier's Tale*—works that are fairly common in the concert hall, but rarely presented in their intended theatrical form (while, *par contre*, the majority of the City Ballet repertory involved scores written for the concert hall). To be sure, Kenneth MacMillan's version of the *Rite* was recently danced here by the Royal Ballet—but this proved so inappropriate in décor and gestural vocabulary as to render irrelevant the conscientious effort literally to dance every note in the score, nor was the orchestral performance on that occasion any particular credit to Stravinsky.

With some twenty scores to digest for the first time, the City Ballet Orchestra, mostly under the able leadership of Robert Irving, had its ups and downs during the week. The scores already in the repertory came off best, naturally, and some of these were as well played as one has ever heard them, notably *Apollo* and *Agon*—but then what orchestra in the world has played these difficult pieces as often? (And the enthusiasm of the ballet audience, for even as knotty a work as the *Requiem Canticles*, was as palpable as the indifference with which such music is usually greeted across Lincoln Center Plaza; one would like to think that this has some other explanation than the presence or absence of "visuals.") A few choices were ill-judged, such as the inclusion of the early *Fireworks* (a purely orchestral performance), which calls for a virtuoso ensemble plain and simple; but there seems every likelihood that most of the other scores will reach a satisfactory level of execution once they are worked into the repertory.

Musically, one work in particular stood out: the *Symphony in Three Movements*. Doubtless the context had something to do with this; amidst all this "Apollonian" Stravinsky, it was the conspicuous example of the "Dionysian" strain. Too, there was the taut performance, conducted by Robert Craft, which may have squared up the slow movement uncomfortably, but delivered impressive drive and attack in the outer sections. Other guest artists included the pianist Madeleine Malraux, in clean and assured readings of *Piano-Rag-Music* and *Serenade in A*; Joseph Silverstein of the Boston Symphony, in a fine performance of the Violin Concerto; and several excellent vocalists. A special word, too, is due to Gordon Boelzner, the staff pianist, who served nobly in a number of works (I presume he was the expert soloist in *Movements*, for which the program gave no credit).

Given the long collaboration of Balanchine with Stravinsky, it is not surprising to find his choreography generally supportive of the music, the large articulations coinciding, the local details of gestural phrase and step finely attuned —and yet rarely carried out in a numbingly literal way. Now and then he will devise an abstract overall pattern that wars with musical structure; the first movement of the Violin Concerto was a case in point, with the groups of five dancers (one solo, four "tutti") coming and going according to the demands of geometry, it seemed, rather than the organization of the score. But the notable successes of the past—*Apollo, Orpheus, Agon* and the more recent *Capriccio*—were augmented by several new, if not strikingly novel achievements: the *Symphony in Three Movements* and an engaging *pas-de-deux* to the *Duo Concertant*, as well as a pleasant revival of *Danses Concertantes* in the striking Berman set. Jerome Robbins worked effectively at the same level, particularly in a tennis-party setting of the *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto*, and Todd Bolender made an engaging joke to the scrappy tunes of the *Piano-Rag-Music*; however, the work of several other choreographers did not strike me as musically illuminating.

Where Balanchine and Robbins went on wrong tracks, surprisingly, was in two works specifically intended for dancing: the recently redone *Firebird* (using the 1945 Suite) and *Pulcinella*. The latter turned up as a farrago of horseplay, sometimes quite funny, mostly incoherent with respect to the very precise shapes of Stravinsky's reworked "Pergolesi." And the grotesque costume for the Firebird herself, visibly earthbound in her clumsy cardboard wings and troublesome train, entirely vitiated the necessary quality of motion, just as the camp Chagall animals and stunt choreography watered the *Infernal Dance* down into a children's pantomime joke. If one doesn't believe in this sort of thing (and Balanchine clearly doesn't), better to leave it alone.

It was, nevertheless, a remarkable week. That this one-sided view of Stravinsky will bear such concentrated exposure speaks much for the variety and specificity of the works represented; "Neoclassicism" was shown to have afforded considerable scope—indeed, rather more than the denigrators of this phase are willing to concede. Although Stravinsky's historical achievement in fact embraced more than this, one cannot but be grateful to those who conceived and executed this striking opportunity to confront some portions of his protean musical self, which was palpably present at all times, surmounting even the fulsome chrome, tinsel and choir-robe dressing with which the final *Symphony of Psalms* was served. □



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# Crossword Puzzle No. 1449

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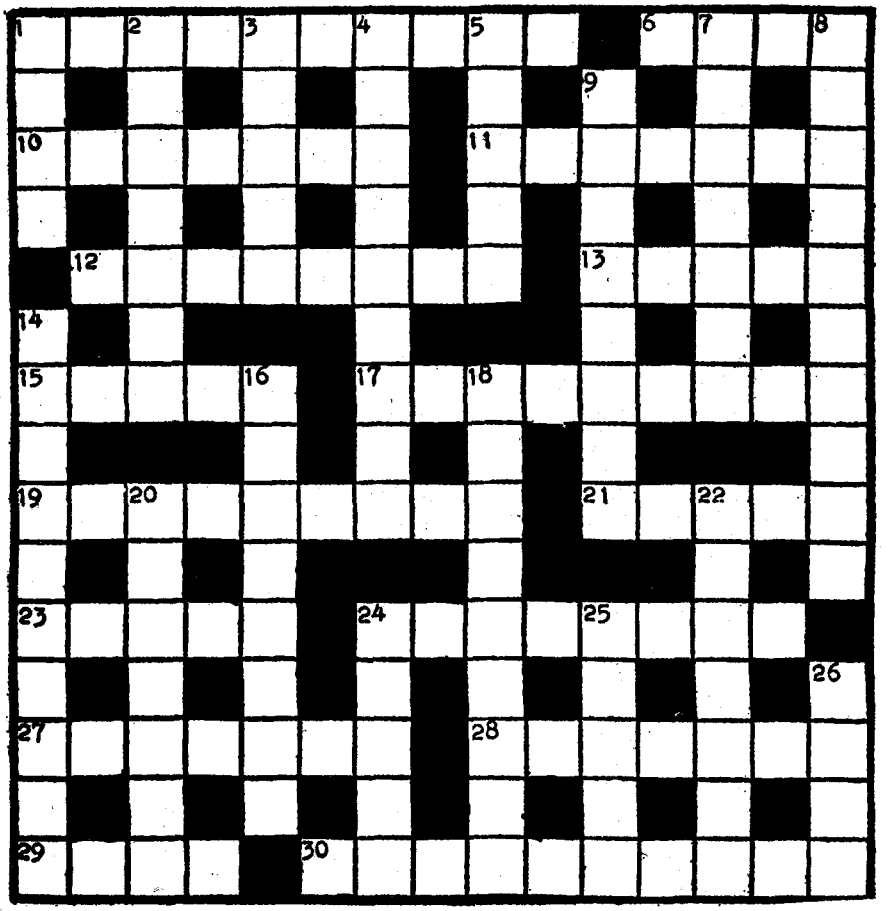

ACROSS

1 Commonly held as being valuable on the shelves of the local dive? (5,5)
6 and 9 down After a girl-friend employed by the government? (12)
10 One description of a glass of candy. (7)
11 Opening otherwise conditional on frozen material. (7)
12 Passed on about the smallest part of the suit, and stripped. (8)
13 See 24 down
15 Sounds like parts of the car. (5)
17 We ought not speak of one as being oriental. (9)
19 See 1 down
21 Comparatively secure. (5)
23 One stage of metamorphosis. (5)
24 Gloomy, despite a frolicsome beginning and a genuine finish. (8)
27 In your case, you might have to come up again for it. (7)
28 Evidently you're not working at it! (7)
29 Habitat of the matrimonially inclined agronomist. (4)
30 A rather neat arrangement around the line, but severe. (10)

DOWN

1 and 19 across Offers a very poor consolation when the work's down, perhaps! (4,9)
2 How to okay something incipient? (7)
3 Championship in name only? (5)
4 Could show the net result on the unusual matter of behavior. (9)
5 Sometimes synonymous with three. (5)
7 The mixed type in a vegetable is often considered. (7)
8 With many clubs, they might be expected to hold the jack. (10)
9 See 6 across
14 The Red, White and Blue would necessarily be. (10)
16 Now and then you'll find the crop said to be like this. (8)
18 Aspergillum? (Rose at the end of one.) (9)
20 It wouldn't be hard to make such disagreement warlike. (7)
22 The main one of 24 down shown on your face? (7)
24 and 13 across What an inveterate traveler sometimes does to be shown to students, perhaps. (4,6)
25 Sounds like the downfall of the dominions of kings. (5)
26 Tired of a patrolman's job? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO 1448

ACROSS: 1 Butchers; 5 Tracer; 9 Edified; 10 Haggard; 11 Diabolo; 12 Patriot; 13 Roller coaster; 15 Court reporter; 21 Fiddler; 22 Doubles; 23 Lithium; 24 Iterate; 25 Design; 26 Schubert. DOWN: 1 Breeds; 2 Thin air; 3 Hair oil; 4 Radiotelegram; 6 Regatta; 7 Chariot; 8 Redstart; 10 Hypochondriac; 14 Scuffled; 16 Update; 17 Telling; 18 Trudeau; 19 Release; 20 Ascent.


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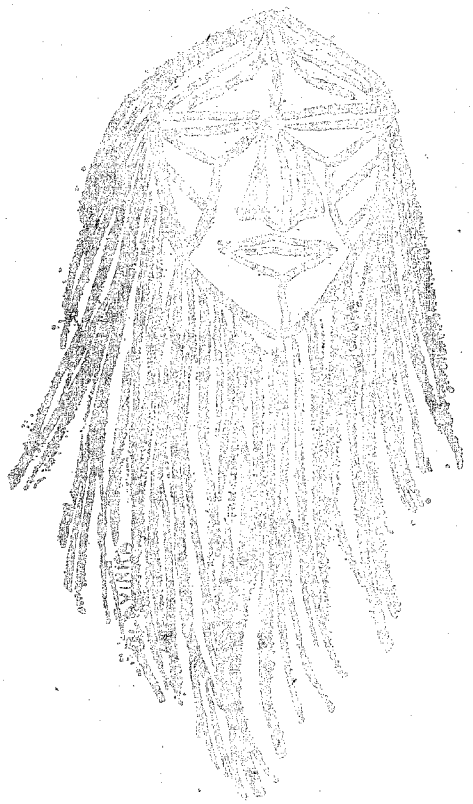

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